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THE
WORKS
OF
William Walfb, Esq;

IN PROSE and VERSE.

Ex Pedes HERCULEM.



L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL at Pope's Head, in Rose-street
Covent-Garden, 1736. Price 4s.

W O R K S

W. Musgrave

WILLIAM MUSGRAVE, Esq.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.



T O

William Bromley, Esq;

T H E

Very worthy HEIR

A N D

N E P H E W

O F

William Walth, Esq;

T H I S

EDITION of his WORKS

Revised and Corrected by Himself, in the Year 1706

Is most humbly Inscribed by

The EDITOR.

TO
William Bromley, Esq;

THE
Very worthy HEIR

AND
NEPHEW

OF
William Walsh, Esq;

THIS
EDITION of his WORKS

Revised and Corrected by Himself, in the Year 1704

Is most humbly Inscribed by

The Editor

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A
DIALOGUE
Concerning
WOMEN,
BEING
A DEFENCE of the SEX.

Written to
EUGENIA.
By WILLIAM WALSH, Esq;



VOL. III,

I

TO

1
DIALOGUE

Containing

WOMEN

BEING

A DEFENCE of the SEX.

Written by

EUGENIA

By WILLIAM WATSON, Esq.

Vol. II.



TO THE
READER.

THE Perusal of this DIA-
LOGUE, in DEFENCE of
the FAIR SEX, written by
a GENTLEMAN of my Ac-
quaintance, much surprized me:
For it was not easy for me to ima-
gine, that one so young, could have
treated so nice a Subject with so
much Judgment. It is true, I was
not ignorant that he was naturally
ingenious, and that he had improved
himself by Travelling; and from
thence I might reasonably have ex-
I 2 pected

pected that Air of Gallantry, which is so visibly diffused thro' the Body of the Work, and is indeed the Soul that animates all Things of this Nature : But so much Variety of Reading, both in ancient and modern Authors, such Digestion of that Reading, so much Justness of Thought, that it leaves no Room for Affectation, or Pedantry, I may venture to say, are not overcommon amongst practised Writers, and very rarely to be found amongst Beginners. It puts me in Mind of what was said of Mr. *Waller*, the Father of our *English* Numbers, upon the Sight of his first Verses, by the Wits of the last Age, that *he came out into the World Forty Thousand strong, before they had heard of him.* Here, in Imitation of my Friend's Apostrophes, I hope the Reader need not be told, that Mr. *Waller* is only mentioned for Honour's sake, that I am desirous
of

of laying hold on his Memory, on all Occasions, and thereby acknowledging to the World, that unless he *had* written, none of us *could* write. I know my Friend will forgive me this Digression; for it is not only a Copy of his Stile, but of his Candour. The Reader will observe, that he is ready for all Hints of commending Merit, and the Writers of this Age and Country are particularly obliged to him, for his pointing out those Passages which the *French* call *Beaux Endroits*, wherein they have most excelled. And tho' I may seem in this, to have my own Interest in View, because he has more than once mentioned me, so much to my Advantage, yet I hope the Reader will take it only for a *Parenthesis*, because the Piece would have been very perfect without it. I may be suffered to please myself with the Kindness of my Friend,

without valuing myself upon his Partiality: He had not Confidence enough to send it out into the World, without my Opinion of it, that it might pass securely, at least amongst the fair Readers, for whose Service it was principally designed. I am not so presuming, to think my Opinion can either be his Touchstone, or his Passport: But I thought I might send him back to *Ariosto*; who has made it the Business of almost Thirty *Stanzas* in the Beginning of the 37th Book of his *Orlando Furioso*, not only to praise that beautiful Part of the Creation, but also to make a sharp Satire on their Enemies; to give Mankind their own, and to tell them plainly, that from their Envy it proceeds that the Virtue and great Actions of Women are purposely concealed, and the Failings of some few amongst them exposed with all the aggravating Circumstances

cumstances of Malice. For my own Part, who have always been their Servant, and have never drawn my Pen against them, I had rather see some of them praised extraordinarily, than any of them suffer by Detraction: And that in this Age, and at this Time particularly, wherein I find more *Heroines* than *Heroes*. Let me therefore give them Joy of their new Champion: If any will think me more partial to him than really I am, they can only say I have returned his Bribe: And the worst I wish him, is, that he may receive *Justice* from the *Men*, and *Favour* only from the *Ladies*.

1691.

JOHN DRYDEN.

To the READER

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Part, who have always been their
Servant, and have never drawn my
Pen against them, I had rather be
some of them praised extraordinarily,
than not of them latter by Detrac-
tion: And that in this Age, and so
this Time particularly, wherein I
find more Reviewers than Writers.
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think me more partial to him than
really I am, they can only say I
have returned his Blows: And the
worth I will hint is, that he may
receive Justice from the World, and
not only from the Ladies.

JOHN DRYDEN.

SOME

SOME
ACCOUNT
OF
WILLIAM WALSH, Esq;

THE AUTHOR of the following excellent Treatise, was “* *William Walsh, Esq;* Son of *Joseph Walsh* of *Abberley in Worcestershire*. He became a Gentleman-Commoner of *Wadham-College, Oxford*, in *Easter-Term, 1678*, aged 15 Years; left it without a Degree; retired to his native Country, and sometimes to *London*.

“ He wrote *A DIALOGUE concerning WOMEN; Being a Defence of the FAIR SEX*, and addressed it to *EUGENIA, 1691*.

“ He also wrote another small Piece, intituled, *Letters and Poems, Amorous and Gallant, 1692.*”

Mr.

Mr. *Wood* will have it, that the *LADY* characterized by Mr. *Walsh* under the Name of *EUGENIA*, was his Mistress. For this he could not have any other ground than his own malevolent Conjecture. But that our Author was a Gentleman very susceptible of the *soft Passion*, appears plainly from his own Pen; sending forth his *Love-Letters* and *Poems* with the following *Address* to the Public:

Go, little Book, and to the World impart
The faithful Image of an Am'rous Heart;
Those who Love's dear, deluding Pains have known,
May, in my fatal Stories, read their own.

Those who have liv'd from all its Torments free,
May find the Thing they never felt, by Me.

Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded Bait,
And, warn'd by my Example, shun my Fate.

While with calm Joy, safe landed on the Coast,
I view the Waves on which I once was tost.

Love is a Medley of Endearments, Jars,
Suspicious, Quarrels, Reconcilements, Wars;

Then Peace again. O! would it not be best,
To chace the fatal Poison from our Breast?

But since so few can live from Passion free,
Happy the Man, and only happy he,

Who with such lucky Stars begins his Love,
That his cool Judgment does his Choice approve.

Ill grounded Passions quickly wear away;

What's built upon Esteem, can ne'er decay.

As for *three* Amours I have had in my Life-time, (says Mr. Walsh *) I valued the *one* Mistress after I left loving her; I loved *another* after I left valuing her; I love and value the *third*, after having lost all Hopes of her: So that, methinks, according to the Course of my Passions, I ought to love and value the next, after having obtained her. However, from this time forward, upon what Follies soever you fall, be pleased, for my sake, to spare those of Love; being very well satisfied, there is not one Folly of that kind (except Marriage) which I have not already committed. I have been, without Railery, in Love with the Beauty of a Woman whom I have never seen; with the Wit of one whom I never heard speak, nor seen any thing that she has written; and with the heroic Virtues of a Woman, without knowing any one Action of her Life, that could make me think she had any. — *Cupid* will have it so; and what can weak Mortals do against so potent a God? Adieu; live pleasantly, that is, *philosophically*; and guard your *Heart* from the *Pains of Love*. Such were the Sentiments of our Author when about Thirty Years of Age.

Mr.

* See his *xxth* Letter to a Friend.

Mr. *Walsh* pursued the Advice he gave his Friend, and left *Cupid* in the Lurch, wholly gave himself up to a *Literatum Otium*, became one of the best of Subjects to his Sovereign, King WILLIAM, whom he has immortalized in his inimitable Version of that Ode of *Horace*, beginnng,

Iustum & Tenacem propositi virum, &c.

And his immortal Successor Queen ANNE constituted Mr. *Walsh* her Master of the Horse.

This Gentleman was, in the Opinion of Mr. DRYDEN *, “*the best Critic of our Nation in his time.*” And, Mr. *Pope*, speaking of the Earl of *Roscommon*, thus concludes his *Essay on Criticism*, viz.

To him the Wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,

And ev’ry Author’s Merit, but his own.

Such late was *Walsh*: the Mule’s Judge and Friend,

Who justly knew to Blame, or to Commend;

To Failings mild, but zealous for Desert;

The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart.

In the Year 1714, the Public were obliged with a small Posthumous Piece of Mr. *Walsh*’s, intituled, *ÆSCULAPIUS: Or, The Hospital of Fools*. An Imitation of LUCIAN; hereunto subjoined.

A

* See his *Postscript* to his *Translat. of Virgil*.



DEFENCE OF THE FAIR SEX.

TO EUGENIA.



It is a dangerous thing, MADAM, it must be confessed, this Con-
versing with fair Ladies; and it
draws us into Inconveniencies,
of which we do not at first see
the Consequences. I little thought, when
I talked with your Ladyship, of the Vir-
tues of your Sex, that you would have
commanded me to have given my Senti-
ments upon that Subject in Writing. I
grant you, *Madam*, you might have spo-
ken

ken to several of your Acquaintance, who would have undertaken the Business at first Word, with all the Courage imaginable; but to me, who never durst take Pen in Hand to write any thing beyond a Billet, the Enterprize seems very terrible. I confess, when you spoke to me of it first, I was well enough pleased with the Design; for I thought a Defence of the Sex, would be a Means of obliging all of the Sex, who were worth defending; and therefore look'd upon it as the writing a Circular Love-Letter to all the fair Ladies in the Kingdom. But as Men generally mix Interest with Honour, so, upon second Thoughts, I considered what I should get by it, besides Fame, if it should succeed; and I found, if I persuaded all Men to be as passionate Servants to the Ladies as myself, I should make but a very indifferent hand of it: Thus, *Madam*, you would engage me in a Controversy, where it would be a Scandal to be vanquished, and a Disadvantage to overcome: For I, who could never succeed in an Amour where there was any Fool pretended besides myself, should have great Hopes indeed, when I had persuaded all Mankind to be my Rivals. After all, *Madam*, there were your Commands to encourage me to it; and the Commands of a fair Lady are to me beyond all the Arguments

guments in Nature; I therefore resolved upon the Undertaking. But as it is no new thing to see People undertake a Business that they are altogether unable to perform, so I must own, I found a thing of this Nature quite beyond my Strength: You may believe, *Madam*, I was very melancholy at it, and it was then that a Friend coming into my Chamber, asked me the Occasion. As I never love to conceal any thing that afflicts me from a Friend, so I presently told him the Business, That a Lady had commanded me to write her a Treatise in Defence of Women. If that be all (says he briskly) I am come to your Deliverance; for this very Morning have I been at a Conversation, where the Question concerning the Virtues and Vices of that Sex, has been handled as fully as can be desired. Thou appearest to me, my dear Friend, (said I, embracing him) like my better Genius, and therefore, without any farther Ceremony, sit down, and give me an Account of the Conference.

Taking a Walk (says he) this Morning in *St. James's Park*, with several of my Acquaintance, there was one among the rest who was all the while, either gazing upon the Ladies as they came by, or speaking with that Indifference to us, that made

us very plainly see, he did not mind the Subject of our Discourse, tho' we talked of all the most considerable Things that offer themselves in such Conversations. (A very strange Man this, *Madam*, who was thinking upon some Mistress, I warrant, when they were raising Taxes, and beating the *French*.) Another, who was a Person of excellent Sense, and had a particular Friendship for this, tho' they would often dispute about their several Thoughts of Women, in which Point they could never agree; (I wonder they should dispute about that, *Madam*, for the greatest Disputes in those Cases are, when they do agree) began to rally him upon this Subject; which he did so handsomely, that he pleased the rest of the Company very well, without displeasing his Friend in the least. PHILOGYNES (which was the Name of the first, as MISOGYNES was of the other) (Here, *Madam*, I must confess, I fancied my Friend put false Names upon me; for besides, that I remember neither of these Families in *England*, the one, you must know, signifies a Woman-hater, and the other, a Woman-lover) cried to MISOGYNES, Tho' I allow you to rally me as much as you please, and am glad of any Occasion I can give you, to exercise a Talent you possess in so eminent a Degree, yet I hope you do not in earnest think

think the Conversation of Women so ridiculous as you would make us believe. Ten times worse, said MISOGYNES, than I can represent it; and since we have often had slight Skirmishes upon that Occasion, and we have now Time enough to fight it out, if you have the Courage to lose one Morning's gazing at them, I challenge you to the private Walk by the Canal-side, to defend their Cause; and these Gentlemen, if they please, shall be our Judges. Tho' I am very unwilling, answered PHILOGYNES, to lose a Morning that has called out all the best Company of the Town, yet since it is in Defence of the Ladies, and you so boldly challenge me, I take you at your Word, upon Condition, that if I get the better in the Judgment of these Gentlemen, you shall engage to be in Love by To-morrow Morning. Upon Condition, that if I overcome, said MISOGYNES, you will engage to be out of Love by the same Time, I agree. That is no equal Stake, replied PHILOGYNES, for it is to lay Happiness against Unhappiness; however, I am so well satisfied of my Cause, that I will undertake you, even upon those Odds.

Upon this Agreement we walked all to the other side of the Park, full of Expectation of the Event of the Debate; when we were come thither, we found we had

the whole Walk to ourselves, and so MISOGYNES who gave the Challenge, began in this manner:

The Propagation of Mankind being the only Way to preserve it from Extinction; and the Copulation with Women being the only Means that Nature has ordained to that End; there is no doubt but all Commonwealths ought to give any reasonable Encouragements to it; I have therefore always admir'd the Wisdom of those Governments that incited, or compelled their Subjects to marry, as a Thing so much more necessary to Mankind in general, than pleasing to any one in particular; but that a Man should, out of a mere Act of Judgment, run after Women; that he should find Delight in their Company, is so very extraordinary, that the wise Men of old thought it hardly possible, otherwise they had had no need of making such severe Laws to force them to it, as they did.

Your Ladyship, who is so well versed in Greek and Roman Authors, knows, that amongst the * *Spartans*, they who lived long Batchelors were condemned to ignominious Punishments, and debarred the Privileges of other Citizens. That the † *Cretans* had a Law to compel all the hand-

* *Plutarch in Life of Licurgus.*

† *Strabo, Lib. 10.*

handsomest young Men to marry; as the * *Thurians* had to invite them to it, both by Honours and Rewards. That † *Plato* ordains, that whoever lived a Batchelor to the five and thirtieth Year of his Age, should be capable of no Honour in his Commonwealth: And that the ‡ *Romans* did not only take all Care imaginable, to encourage People to Marriage, but frightened them into it by Punishments, if they refused.

Notwithstanding this, had you a Design of marrying them, I should not altogether so much condemn you; nay, had you but a Design of enjoying them without it, there might be somewhat still alledged in your Excuse. How unjustifiable soever such a Design may be, as to the moral Part, the Action itself is very agreeable to the natural. But to pick them out only for the Benefit of their Conversation, to fall in Love with their Understandings, and to leave the Company of wise Men for handsome Women, is just the same Thing, as if you should chuse rather to eat Jays and Parrots, than Woodcocks and Partridges, because the Feathers of the former make the finer Shew.

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It

* *Diod. Sicul. B. 1.*

† *Ibid. Lib. 4, & 6.*

‡ *Aul. Gell. Lib. 1. Cap. 6. Sueton. in Life of Augustus. Dion. in ibid. Lucius Florus. Livy, Lib. 59.*

It is a very good, as well as a very general Way, to guess at People by the Company they keep ; and thus we may give a great Judgment of the Female Sex, by a View of those with whom they are the most pleased of our own. Well, let them appear then ; what do you find ? Fine Coats, large Cravat-strings, and good Perriwigs, I must own, but for any Thing else, they, and their Perriwig Blocks are Critics alike. It is true, to do them Justice, they talk most learnedly of Points and Ribbons ; have most mathematical Heads for the erecting of Ladies Top-knots, make as considerable Figures, talk as loud, and laugh more than any in Drawing-rooms and Play-houses ; and those who know nothing of their Language, would take them, by their Gestures, to be the wittiest Persons in *Christendom* ; but if unluckily you understand them, you will find it only false Fire, and that all this violent Laughter is produced by no Jest. Then take them out of their own Element, begin a Discourse of any Thing that is worth knowing, they are dumb ; out of Modesty ? No ; but they hate to talk of Things that are *grossier* ; and the Pedantry of Scholars, and Gravity of Men of Business, is utterly unfit for a Gentleman.

Were

Were it nothing but the Company of such sort of Creatures as these, it would be enough, I should think, to frighten a Man of Sense from them. Can you see these Fops, as much as you are used to them, without laughing? except it rather makes you blush to think you should bring yourself into Competition with such Tools as they are: I am far from blaming them for following the Ladies: They avoid the Company of Men who despise them, for that of Women who admire them: Nor do I find fault with the Ladies, for being pleased with them; for since Likeness, they say, breeds Love, what Wonder is it they are fond of those Men whose Follies make them most like themselves? but for a Man who has some Pretences to Wit and Learning; for one who might be acceptable to Men of Sense, to run after them; nay, for a Man who spends all the Morning in the Study of *Homer* and *Aristotle*, to spend the Afternoon among the Impertinencies of Women, puts me in mind of the Mountebank Stages in *Naples*, where the Jesuits and Jackpuddings entertain the Spectators by Turns.

It is possible, you will say, that all this makes for you; that the Faults of your Rivals render your Virtues the more remarkable, and that there is no doubt, but

a Man of Merit may succeed in any Place where a Man of no Merit may pretend; but, alas! Sir, you deceive yourself very much, if you encourage that Opinion. Had you fit Judges, there is no doubt but you were in the right: But if the fairest Lady in *Christendom* were amongst the *Indians*, where they paint the Devil of her Colour, do you expect they should do her Beauty Justice? Or if a slender Man were among the *Muscovites*, do you think they would admire him for being well shaped, where they thought none but big-belly'd Men to be so? Credit me, Sir, a Man who leaves his Parts to the Judgment of Women, is very near the same Circumstances: Will you not believe me in that Case, because I profess an Enmity to them? You do well: but will you believe themselves? View all the Town, take good Notice: Among all the young Heiresses who run away from their Guardians, is there any one who does it with a Man of Sense? Among all those Widows who ruin themselves by second Marriages, is there any one who does it with a Man of Sense? Among all those Ladies who cuckold their Husbands, is there any one who does it with a Man of Sense? We see them do these Things every Day, with Chaplains, Dancing-masters, Butlers, and Footmen. Who are the Men that shew the
the

the tender Billets received? What are they who boast of the Favours of all the finest Women in Town? Are they not the most despicable of Mankind? Are they not such whose Conversation is the Jest of Men of Sense? And have they above one Thing about them, that distinguishes them from the other Sex?

After all, Sir, are not the *Women* in the right in this Point? Or do they ever shew more Judgment, than when they pitch upon such Men? What do they look for in a Husband, but one who will admire them, who will be governed by them, and upon whom all their little Tricks will pass? And who but Fools are fit for that? What do they propose in a Gallant, but giving them Pleasure without Scandal? And to the former Part they have a received Notion of the Ability of Fools: Then for the Scandal, who so likely to give none as those Men, whom the World will hardly believe were favoured by them, tho' they took their Oaths upon it? For notwithstanding Experience teaches us the contrary, yet People are apt to fancy, a Man of Sense must succeed before a Coxcomb; and will rather believe the former are favoured, tho' they swear they are not; than the latter, tho' they swear they are.

But, alas! Sir, Men of Sense they think know them, and that they take, as well as I do, to be a sure Means to hinder their being in Love. It was upon this Account that (1) *Solomon* gives such severe Characters of them in his *Proverbs*; that (2) *Euripides* represented them so faithfully, as to get the Name of the Woman-hater; that (3) *Simonides* has distinguished them into so many sorts of evil Things; that (4) *Lucian* has so naturally described their Tricks; that (5) *St. Chrysostom* has made such a severe Investive against them; that (6) *Juvenal* has given his Friend such Counsel against having any Thing to do with them; and, in fine, it is upon the same Account that all the Epigrammatists, Comic Poets, and Satirists are so continually exposing them to the World, making their Follies ridiculous, and their Vices odious. It is upon the same Account likewise, that to call a Man Effeminate, has always been reckoned such a Reproach; and that to say a Man is governed by a Woman, has been one of the worst Characters you could give of his Understanding.

See

(1) Chap. 7, &c.

(2) *V. Stobæi Senten. cap. de Vituperio Mulierum.*

(3) See the *Dialogues* of the *Courtiers*, and that of *Love*.

(4) *Homily* on the Beheading *St. John Baptist*.

(5) *Satire* 6th.

See here a dreadful Army, *Madam*, against us. I asked my Friend what these Gentlemen had said upon this Occasion? He told me, *Juvenal* had written a very severe Satire (the XIth) against Women, which I should see very much to its Advantage, if I would consult Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of it. For *Simonides*, he told me, he had written *Iambics* against them, in which he divides them into *ten* Sorts. The *first* he said was descended from a Sow, (you will find very noble Families among them, *Madam*) and she was sluttish: The *second* from a Fox, and she understands every thing, and has a great deal of Good in her, and a great deal of Ill too: The *third* from a Dog, and she is prying about, and snarling at every Body: The *fourth* is made of the Earth, and she understands nothing but how to fill her Belly, and sit by the Fire-side: The *fifth* of the Sea, and she is changeable and inconstant; sometimes in a Calm, and then on a sudden in a Storm: The *sixth* is made of *Asses*, and a *Labouring Ass*, (an odd Composition you will say) and she is scarce driven to her Business with Threatnings or Force, but crams herself Night and Day, and lies with every one that comes; (now whether she takes this Quality of lying with all who come, from the Father's-side, or the Mother's-side, I cannot

cannot absolutely determine.) The *seventh* was descended from a *Pole Cat*, and she is nauseous and stinking: The *eighth* from a *Mare*, and she never cares to do any Work, and minds nothing but appearing neat and fine: The *ninth* from a *Monkey*, and her Ugliness is a Jest to every body: The *tenth* from a *Bee*, and she makes an excellent Wife. (1) There is a Story also of this *Simonides*, that being asked about a Wife, he said, she was the Shipwreck of Man, the Tempest of a House, the Disturber of Rest, the Prison of Life, a daily Punishment, a sumptuous Conflict, a Beast in Company, a necessary Evil. And (2) St. *Chrysostom*, besides the Homily upon the beheading St. *John Baptist*, which is almost all an Invective against Women, says in another Place, What is a Wife? The Enemy of Love, the inevitable Pain, the necessary Evil, the natural Temptation, a desirable Calamity, a domestical Peril, a pleasing Damage. Thus you see these Ancients, Madam, had a very commendable Faculty of calling Names: What think you, might not the Matrons of *Billingsgate* improve in their Conversation? But it is natural, when

(1) *Camerar. Hist. Med. L. 3. C. 11.*

(2) *On Matt. Chap. xix.*

when People cannot convince our Reason, to endeavour to move our Passions.

I know you will object against these, *Anacreon, Theocritus, Catullus, Tibullus, Ovid, Horace, Propertius*, and all those Poets and Wits, ancient and modern, who pleas'd themselves, whilst they lived, in the Pursuit of Women, and have render'd themselves immortal after their Death, by the Trophies they rais'd to them. It is confessed, that spending their Time upon the Sex, they ought to know them best: But on the other side, to excuse their own spending their Time, ought to represent them as favourably as possible; and yet, pray what is the Account they give us of them? Do they not all with one Consent complain, either of the Cruelty, or Falshood of their Mistresses? Are not their Books full of Quarrels, Picques and Jealousies? and do they not shew the Levity, Perjury, and Lewdness of the Sex? Does not (1) *Anacreon*, and a hundred more, tell you, they mind nothing but Wealth? (This Complaint of the Love of Wealth, and Invectives against it, has been very ancient, and very general amongst the Poets; be-

(1) Γένος ἑδὲν εἰς ἑρῶτα
Σοφίᾳ, τρόπον παλαιότατον,
Μόνον ἄργυρον βλέπουσιν.

besides this *Greek*, (1) *Horace*, (2) *Ovid*,
(3) *Tibullus*, and (4) *Propertius*, make
them, amongst the *Romans*; (5) *Marino*,
(1) *Gua-*

(1) — fore enim tutum iter & patens
Converso in pretium deo. *Lib. 3. O. 16.* speaking of
Jupiter and Danae.

(2) Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro,
At nunc barbaria est grandis, habere nihil.
Ecce recens dives, parto per vulnera censu,
Præfertur nobis, sanguine factus, eques.
Curia pauperibus clausa est. Dat census honores.
V. Amor, &c. *L. 3. El. 8.*

(3) Ad dominam faciles aditus per carmina quero;
At mihi per cædem, & facinus sunt dona paranda.
Sed precium si grande feras, custodia victa est,
Nec prohibent claves, & canis ipse tacet.
L. 2. El. 4.

(4) Nulla est poscendi, nulla est reverentia dandi,
Aut si qua est precio, tollitur ipsa mora.
Antea nunc verè sunt sæcula, plurimus auro
Venit honos, auro conciliatur amor.
L. 3. El. 11.

(5) Da te chi se defende?
Quà pensier fermi, e casti
Non atterri, e non guasti?
Chi teco unqua contende?
Chi vinto non se rende?
Qual non cade, o non cede
Forte cor, falsa voglia, intera sedé?
Anch' egli amor lo strale
Già d'oro, e d'or lo cocca
Onde qual honor lo soeca,

E bel-

(1) *Guarini* among the *Italians*; (2) *Conde de Villa Mediana*, and (3) *Quarvedo* amongst the *Spaniards*; (4) *Ronsard* among the *French*; and (5) *Cowley* amongst us: For you must know, Madam, these Poets were a sort of People, who were never very remarkable for their making large Jointures; their Estates generally lye upon *Parnassus*, where Land lets worse than it does in *Ireland*: Nor do I remember to have read in any History, of Poets who deferr'd the Enjoyment of their Mistresses for the drawing of Writings.) Does not (6) *Theocritus* make continual Complaints of the Cruelty of his Mistress?

E bella Donna affale,
 Stampa piaga mortale
 Là doue ogni altra punta
 D'impionbate quadrel si spenza, e spunta.

Mar. Rim. per seconda Canzon. 15. d'oro.

(1) Le Richezze, li Tesori
 Son infensati Amori Paff. Fido. Char. del Atto 2do.

(2) De tus flechas por fer d'oro
 Ninguna lei se deffiende.

(3) El Rico està en toda parte,
 Siempre a proposito viene,
 No ay cosa que se le esconda,
 No ay puerta que se le cierra.

Quarv. Thal. Rom. 37.

(4) Celuy devoit mourir del'Eclat du Tonnerre
 Qui premier decouvrit les Mines de la Terre.

(5) 'Tis all against the Love of Money.

Ronsard. El. 8.

(6) Idyll. 3, 10, 11, 14, 20.

Mistress? Does not (1) *Catullus* tell you, that his *Lesbia* lay with all the Town? and (2) that what any Woman says to her Lover, ought to be writ in Wind, or running Streams? Does not (3) *Tibullus* complain, that he had taught his Mistress to deceive her Guards so long, that she learnt to deceive him too? Does not (4) *Ovid* lye at his Mistress's Door all Night, whilst an inconsiderable Fellow has got into her Arms? Does not *Horace* complain of the (5) Cruelty of two Mistresses, and the (6) Perjury and Inconstancy of three or four more? And does not (7) *Propertius*, besides his own *Cynthia's* Falshood, cry out of

(1) Illa Lesbia quam Catullus unam
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc in quadriuiis, & angiportis
Glubit magnanimes Remi nepotes. *Catul. 59.*

(2) ——— mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento, & rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

(3) Ipse miser docui quo posset ludere pacto
Custodes, eheu nunc premor arte mea.

Lib. 1. El. 7.

(4) Ergo ego nescio cui quem tu complexa tenebas
Excubui clausam servus ut ante domum.

Lib. 3. El. 11.

(5) *Lib. 1. Od. 23. L. 3. Od. 10. 26.*

(6) *Lib. 1. Od. 13. Lydia, Lib. 2. Od. 8. Barine. Lib. 3. Od. 9. Lydia again, Epod. 15. Neera.*

(7) *Lib. 2. El. 18. upon Cynthia's Falshood. Lib. 3. El. 17. De incontinentiâ mulierum.*

of the Incontinence of the Sex in general? I know not what your Success in Love may have been; but till you tell me the contrary, I can hardly believe it better than these Mens. For what Qualification can there be to make a Woman kind and constant, that they had not? *Anacreon* appears to be one of the gayest humour'd Men that ever was born; *Theocritus* the most tender and natural in his Poems; *Catullus* was without a Rival the greatest Wit of his Age; *Tibullus* was not only the smoothest and delicatest of the Roman Poets, but also the most beautiful Person of his Time; *Ovid* and *Propertius*, as neither of them wanted Love, so never had any a more soft and tender Way of expressing it; and *Horace*, besides the Talent of crying up his Mistresses, and pleasing their Vanity that Way, had the pleasantest Manner of exposing the Follies of this Rivals, and the severest of revenging the (1) Falshood or Unkindness of his Mistresses, of any Man in the World. And yet none of all these could, by their own Confession, keep a Woman to themselves, or even teach them Cunning enough to jilt them so, that they should never find it out;

(1) See *Lib. 1. Od. 25. Lib. 3. Od. 15. Lib. 4. Od. 13. Epod. 8. 12.*

out; which (1) *Ovid* tells us frankly, was all he desir'd from them.

From this, Madam, you may please to observe, that Jilting is no such new Thing as some People would make us believe, tho' methinks these Poets are dangerous Persons to jilt, since it is remember'd against their Mistresses, near two thousand Years after.

And in Effect, what but Ruin and Desolation proceeds from them? Who was the Betrayer of (2) *Samson*, but *Dalilah*? Who was the Cause of the Destruction of (3) *Troy*, but *Helen*? Of (4) *Agamemnon's* Death, but *Clytemnestra*? Of (5) *Hercules's*, but *Deianira*? Who advis'd the burning of (6) *Persepolis*, but *Thais*? Who ruin'd (7) *Hannibal's* Army, but the *Capuan* Women? Who lost (8) *Mark Antony* the World, but *Cleopatra*? Why should I bur-

(1) Non ego ne pecces cum sis formosa, recuso;

Sed ne sit misero, scire necesse mihi.

Lib. 3. EA 14.

(2) Judges, Ch. 16.

(3) V. Homer.

(4) Velleius, Lib. 1. Euseb. Chron. Soph. in Electra. Euripid. in Oreste.

(5) Ovid. Metam. L. 8.

(6) Quint. Cur. Lib. 5.

(7) Livy, Lib. 3. Dec. 3.

(8) Plutarch in Vit. Anton.

den you with Instances, when every Country can furnish Examples enow of their own? What made such Confusion in (1) *Justinian's Court*, but *Theodora*? What caused the Revolt in the Low Countries, but the Government of the (2) Princess of *Parma*? Who made such dreadful Disturbances in (3) *Scotland*, as *their Queen Mary*? And who raised the greatest Persecution for Religion, that ever *England* saw, but our *own Queen* of the same Name?

But certainly they must have some very great Perfections to make Amends for all these Faults: Well then, let us see what they are! Let us view these pleasant Comfits that are to make the Poison go down: Let us enjoy a little of that Conversation, that is diversitive enough to make People neglect all their Danger. Sit in one of their Drawing-Rooms all Day; observe the Discourse which passes; is it not a tedious Repetition of the same Impertinencies over and over again, to every new Visitant? And is not one Half of that spent in censuring all the Town, and the other Half in railing at those who censure? Do they not inveigh against the Lampooners, and at the same time talk as scandalously as they can

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L

write?

(1) *Procop. Arc.*(2) *Strada, Bentivoglio, Garnier, &c.*(3) *Buchanan and Knox.*

write? The horrid Affectation, the ridiculous Vanity, the gross Diffimulation, and the inveterate Malice that appears in all their Discourses, are Things for which I should think all the Paint on their Faces could not make Amends. For my own part, I confess, I have been Fool enough to be in Love too, and have follow'd Women upon that Account, but to another sort of End, than you say you do: But when that End was once satisfied, to talk with them afterwards, was as great a Penance to me, as it would be to sit in a greasy Cook's Shop, when my Belly was full.

This MISOGYNES is a very rude Fellow, and I am sure your Ladyship will be of my Opinion, that his last Simile was very fulsome. It is a Sign he hates Women; for had he conversed with them, they would have taught him better Manners.

But there are doubtless, you will say, Women of Understanding: Pray where are they? Is it your prudent Woman, your good Housewife, who is plaguing all the World with her Management, and instructing every body how to feed Geese and Capons? Or is it your Politician, who is always full of Business, who carries a Secretary of State's Office in her Head, and is making her deep Observations upon every Day's

Day's News? Or is it your learned Woman, who runs mad for the Love of hard Words, who talks a mixt Jargon, or *Lingua Franca*, and has spent a great deal of Time to make her capable of talking Nonsense in four or five several Languages? What think you, Sir, do you not wish for your Visitor again, as the more tolerable Folly of the two? Do not you think Learning and Politics become a Woman as ill as riding astride? And had not the Duke of (1) *Brittany* Reason, who thought a Woman knowing enough, when she could distinguish between her Husband's Shirt and his Breeches?

Do not you, in Answer to these, fetch me a *Sappho* out of Greece; a *Cornelia*, the Mother of the *Gracchi*, out of Rome; an *Anna Maria Schurman* out of Holland; and think that in shewing me Three learned Women in Three thousand Years, you have gained your Point; and from some few particular Instances, proved a general Conclusion: If I should bring you half a Dozen Magpies that could talk, and as many Horses that could dance, you would not, I suppose for all that, chuse out the one to converse with, or the other to walk a Corant.

L 2

But

(1) Montagne's *Essays*, B. I. C. 24. *Mad. Gournay*
L'Egalite des Deux Sexes.

But would you see them to their best Advantage? Would you have their Wit, Courage, and Conduct display'd? Take them upon the Business of Lust; that can make *Sapho* witty, *Aloisia* eloquent, a Country-wife politic; that can humble (1) *Messalina's* Pride to walk the Streets; can make tender (1) *Hippia* endure the Incommodities of a Sea-Voyage; can support the Queen of (2) *Sheba* in a Journey to *Solomon*, and make (3) *Tbalestris* search out *Alexander the Great*: In this Particular, I must confess, we ought to submit to them, and with Shame allow them the Preference. I cannot reflect upon the Stories of (4) *Sewiramis's* lying with all the handsomest Men in her Army, and putting them to Death afterwards; of her offering her Son the last Favour; of (5) *Messalina* the Empress's prostituting herself in the public Stews; and of Queen (6) *Joan* of *Naples* providing a Bath under her Window, where she might see all the lustiest young men naked, and take her Choice out

(1) *Vide Juvenal. 6. Sat.*

(2) 1 *Kings* x. 2. 2 *Chron.* ix.

(3) *Quint. Curt. Lib.* 6.

(4) *Diod. Sicul. C.* 2.

(5) *Juven. 6th Sat.*

(6) This Bath is now shewn in the Ruins of her Palace, a little Way out of the City of *Naples*.

of them, without such an Admiration as their heroic Actions deserve. (1) *Sappho*, as she was one of the wittiest Women that ever the World bred, so she thought with Reason it would be expected she should make some Additions to a Science in which all Womankind had been so successful: What does she do then? Not content with our Sex, she begins Amours with her own, and teaches us a new Sort of Sin, that was follow'd not only in (2) *Lucian's* Time, but is practis'd frequently in (3) *Turkey* at this Day. You cannot but be sensible, Sir, that there is no Necessity of going so far for Instances of their Lewdness, and were it civil to quote the Lampoons, or write the Amours of our own Time, we might be furnished with Examples enough nearer Home.

Here, Madam, I could not forbear telling my Friend, that his Disputant grew scurrilous. He told me, considering him as a Woman-hater, he thought it was no more than his Character required; and that if I compared his Discourse with what others had said against them, I should think him a very well-bred Man.

L 3

After

(1) *Lilius Giraldus, Dial. 9. de Portis.*

(2) See his Dialogue between *Cleonarium* and *Leana*.

(3) See *Tavernier's Travels.*

After this to talk of their Levity or Babbling, what were it but trifling? All the Lovers and Poets who have had any thing to do with them, can furnish themselves with Instances enough of the first; and any Man who will give himself the Trouble of reading any one History, shall find Instances enough of the other, if his own Wisdom has hindered him from making them at his own Cost. (1) There being a Senate called in Rome, upon some very extraordinary Occasion, one of the Senators was desired by his Wife to tell her what it was? He reply'd, He was obliged to Secrecy; she swears it shall never be known to any one by her Means; upon that Promise he informs her, that there was a *Lark* seen flying over the Senate-House with a golden Helmet on his Head, and a Spear in one of his Claws, and that they had thereupon called the Soothsayers together, to know what it portended. No sooner was the Husband gone, but the Wife tells it too, under a Vow of Secrecy to her Maid; she to another who was her Fellow-Servant, who told it to her Lover; so that, to be short, it ran so fast, that as soon as the Senator came into the Market-Place, one took him aside, and told it him for a great Secret; always goes he, and tells

(1) *Plutarch of Garrulity.*

his Wife she had undone him, in divulging what he had trusted with her: She denies it, with a true feminine Impudence: How could it come to be known then? says he. Alas (reply'd she) are there not three hundred Senators, and might it not come from any of them as well as you? No, says he, for I invented it on a sudden, to satisfy your Curiosity, and thus had I been served, if I had trusted you with the Secret. It is such another Story they tell us of young *Papirius* to his Mother, who asking him what had been debated that Morning in the Senate, told her, They were making a Law for Men to have a Plurality of Wives. But it is somewhat a more tragical Relation *Plutarch* gives of *Fulvius*. *Augustus* complained to him, that he was dissatisfied with what he had done, in adopting *Livia's* Sons, and disinheriting his own Nephews; *Fulvius* goes home, and tells it his Wife, she tells it to the Empress, who upbraids the Emperor with it. *Augustus*, when he saw *Fulvius* next, checked him for it; by which he perceived himself ruined, and therefore went immediately, told his Wife what she had done, and that he resolved to stab himself: But certainly the Wife's Answer was very sufficient; Nor did you deserve less, said she, who having lived so

L 4

long

long with me, did not know I could not keep a Secret.

But omitting these, whose Actions are recorded to their Infamy, let us see a little of those who are quoted as the Glories of their Sex. And who more cry'd up amongst them than (1) *Judith*? What Action more celebrated than her murdering *Holofernes*, when he had treated her with all the Kindness and Respect imaginable in his Tent? For my part, I must own my Virtue does not arrive to so high a Pitch; and should rather have suffered my Town to have been ruin'd, than have been guilty of an Action that appears to me so barbarous; but I confess that of (2) *Jael* is yet worse, to invite a Man into her Tent, promise him Protection, and when he had trusted his Life in her Hands, to murder him whilst he was asleep. What shall we say to *Penelope*, who is instanced as a Pattern of Chastity, and conjugal Love? I will not with (3) *Ovid* and (4) *Virgil* (if the *Priapeia* are

(1) *Jud. xiii.*

(2) *Judges iv. v. 17.*

(3) *Penelope vires juvenum, tentabat in arcu,
Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat.*

Ovid Amor. L. 1. El. 8.

(4) (Speaking of *Ulysses*)

*Ad vetulam tamen ille suam properabat, & omnis
Mens erat in cunno, Penelopea tuo.*

Quae

are his) make malicious Reflections upon her trying her Lovers Strength in a Bow; but take the Story as it lies in the *Odysses*, I am sure she would hardly pass for such a Saint in our Days; and if a Lady had her House full of Lovers for twenty Years of her Husband's absence, and if her Husband were forced to fight all these before he could have his Wife again, it is possible the Lampooners of the Town would not have represented her Case so favourably as *Homer* has done. But what shall we say to * *Lycophron* even amongst the *Greeks*, who speaks of her as a most profligate sort of Woman, or to † *Duris Samius*, who asserts her to have been so very common, as to have lain with all Comers during her Husband's Absence, from whose promiscuous Copulations *Pan* was born, and therefore took the Name. (*Pan*, your Ladyship knows, in *Greek*, signifies *All*.) For *Lucretia*, I shall not

Quæ sic casta manes, ut jam convivia visas,

Utq; futurorum sit tua plena domus.

E quibus ut scires quicunque valentior esset,

Hæc es ad arrectos verba locuta procos;

Nemo meo melius nervum tendebat Ulyssæ,

Sive illi laterum, seu fuit artis opus.

Qui quoniam periit, modò vos intendite: qualem

Esse virum sciero, vir sit ut ille meus.

Priapeia.

* *V. Domin. in Ovid. El. 8. L. 1. See also Seneca's Epistles.*

† *Lilius Giral. Hist. Deorum Gent. Pan.*

not insinuate, as a * great Wit seems to do, that she stabbed herself, rather than return to the Embraces of a Husband, after having been so much better pleased by a Gallant; but if she were one who valued her Chastity so much, and her Life so little, as they would make us believe, it is somewhat odd that she should rather let *Tarquin* enjoy her alive, than a Slave lie in the Bed with her when she was dead; and that she should chuse to commit the Sin, rather than bear the Shame.

But let us forgive them all these Things I have mentioned; and since † *Le Chambre* assures us, that there is no Beauty in a Woman, but what is a Sign of some Vice; let us attribute it to Nature's Fault, not theirs; and reckon that the more vicious they are, the nearer they come to the Perfection of the Sex; and indeed, not spending much Time in their Conversations, I will pardon them all their Levity, Babbling, Malice, and Impertinence; and, being unmarried, shall not be so severe upon their Lusts and Adulteries; provided they will stop there. Let *Helen* run away from her Husband with a handsomer Man; but let her not suffer all *Troy* to be ruined for the keeping

* Sir Charles Sedley, in his Translation of Ovid's VIIIth Elegy B. 1.

† *L'Art de Connoître les Hommes*. Or, Art how to know Men. C. 1.

keeping her there: Let *Clytemnestra* lye with another Man, during her Husband's Absence; but let her not murder him for it when he comes home: Let † *Semiramis* make use of all the handsomest Fellows of her Army; but let her not put them to Death for fear they should tell Tales: And tho' I would forgive her, yet her own Sex would never pardon her being the first Maker of † Eunuchs: Let *Phædra* and *Fausta* invite their Husbands Sons to supply their Fathers Defects; but let them not accuse them, and have them put to Death for refusing: Let *Joan* of *Naples* make use of all the Men in her Kingdom; but let her not strangle her Husband for his Imperfections in a Point that he could not help: That Cruelty and Barbarity, I confess, is what provokes me so much against the Sex: I can see *Tibullus's* Mistress jilt him, for a Fool who is not half so handsome; I can see *Ovid* waiting all Night at his Mistress's Door, whilst another Man is in her Arms; and I can see half a Score impertinent Women plaguing you with nonsensical Stories, and be very well diverted all the while: But I confess I cannot hear of *Medea's* cutting her Brother in Pieces, and strewing his Limbs in the Way to

† *Diodor. Sicul. B. 2.*

† *Ammian. Marcellin. B. 14.*

to stop her pursuing Father, without Horror and Dread; nor of her treating her own Children after the same manner, to revenge herself upon *Jason*, without a like Emotion: I know not how other People may bear such Things; but for my Part, when I see all the Murders and Barbarities they commit, to revenge themselves on their inconstant Lovers, to get rid of their Husbands for some one they like better, or to prevent the Discovery of their Lewdness; but my Hair stands on end, my Blood shrinks, and I am possess'd with an utter Detestation of the Sex. Go but one Circuit with the Judges here in *England*; observe how many Women are condemned for killing their Bastard Children; and tell me if you think their Cruelties can be equalled; or whether you think those who commit such Actions fit for your, or for any civil Conversation. But I see by your Looks you are convinced, I see you abandon your Cause, and I shall cease to expose any farther a Sex, of whose Patronage you seem already ashamed.

Here MISOGYNES left off, and PHYLOGYNES began to answer him: But I must beg your Pardon, Sir, said my Friend, for my Time is come, and I must necessarily be gone. The Devil you shall, said I; you would engage me in a pretty Affair; I promise

mise a Lady a Defence of her Sex, and you will make me send her a Satire against it. Truly, my dear Friend, said he, I designed to have told you all, but it is later than I thought, and I have Business waits for me. No Business, said I, can be so considerable to you, as the satisfying a fair Lady is to me, therefore sit down, and bring me fairly off what you have told me already, or you and I shall be Friends no longer. After all, *Madam*, to tell you the Truth, tho' there is no great Matter in this Speech of MISOGYNES, yet I can hardly believe he made it upon a sudden; 'tis possible tho', they two having discoursed the Matter as they told us before, might have provided themselves each with Arguments. But supposing that, I can scarce believe one Man would be suffered to talk so long without Interruption; at least I am sure, some who we know were none of the Company. But it is possible, that he who told me, might leave out all that was spoke by others, for Brevity sake, being as you see in haste.

If you are as apt to be mistaken in your Judgment of Things as of Looks, replied PHILOGYNES, it is no wonder you should make such strange Conclusions. Whatever Seriousness you may see in my Face, does not, I'll assure you, proceed from any Distrust of my Cause, but an Astonishment at what

what strange Arguments the Invention of Man can suggest against the best Things that are. I say, the Invention of Man, for I am far from believing you in earnest in this Point; I have too just an Opinion of MISOGYNES, to think he does any Thing but put on this Humour for a Trial of Skill; and I no more believe you a Hater of Women, for the Invective you have made against them, than I believe *Erasmus* a Lover of Folly, for the Encomium he has writ upon it. If you have therefore any thing more to urge, forbear it not upon any supposed Conviction you see in my Countenance; for, notwithstanding that I think you have handled the Subject as fully as any one who has undertaken it, yet I will assure you I cannot submit to your Arguments; and therefore am very ready to hear any thing you have further to urge. No, says MISOGYNES, I am sensible I have troubled the Company long enough about a Trifle, and it is very fit you should have your Turn of speaking now. Part of the Company was already convinced by his Arguments, the other Part thought he had said as much as the Matter would bear, and therefore both agreed in desiring *PHROGYNES* to speak what he had to say, which he did in this Manner:

I confess, Sir (said he smiling) when I saw the Associates you allotted me at first, I began to despair of my Cause; I own I was ashamed of my Company, and resolved to pack up Baggage instantly, and quit a Trade in which none but Fops and Fools were engaged; but when I saw the *Anacreons*, the *Ovids*, and all the Wits, ancient and modern, in the same Circumstances, I even took Heart again. Courage, said I, the Business is not so bad as I thought, and it is possible his Heart may relent, and allow us some better Company than he condemned us to at first. At least, thought I, if it is a Folly to converse with Women, it is some Comfort that he owns it to be a Folly of which the greatest Wits of the World have been guilty before us: And when I saw all *Greece*, and the greater Part of *Asia* venturing their Lives for One Woman, I thought I had somewhat the Advantage of them, whilst I ventured nothing but my Rhetoric for them *All* together. And when you named *Samson*, *Achilles*, *Hannibal*, and *Mark Anthony*, I enquired who those Gentlemen were; for certainly, thought I, if they were such brave Men, and great Soldiers, as I have heard them represented, we have no Reason to despair of the Victory when we have them to lead us on.

You

You might have spoken more generally of them too, if you had pleased; you might have told us, that there never was a great Soldier *who was not as famous for his Amours, as his Battles*; that a Poet was scarce thought free of his Trade, *who had not paid some Duties to Love**; and you might have added to these all the Wise-men and Philosophers of the World: You might have informed us, that *David*, tho' a Man after God's own Heart, was not contented without some Share in the Womens: That *Solomon*, who knew the Virtue of every Plant, from the Cedar of *Libanus*, to the Hysop that grows upon the Wall, took as much Pains to have as general a Knowledge of the Ladies: That † *Socrates*, who was the ugliest as well as the wisest Man of his Time, would in spite of Nature aim at Love too, and, not terrified by one ill Wife, would try to mend his Hand in another: That † *Plato*, whom Antiquity has called Divine, did not spend all his Time in erecting Commonwealths, but that some of it was bestowed upon the *Xantippe's* and *Archeanassa's*: That † *Aristotle*, whom *Philip* made Governor to *Alexander*, made himself a Slave to his Mistress; that this was

* *Cowley's Preface.*

† See *Diogenes Laertius* in his Lives of these Three Philosophers.

was not an Effect of his Passion alone, but of his Reason; * That he said, Love was not only upon the Account of Copulation but Philosophy; and commands his Wiseman to be in Love, before he bids him meddle with the Commonwealth: And in fine, that this great Man, who fathomed all Arts and Sciences, who has given us the best Rules of Philosophy, Politics, Poetry, &c. did also not think it unbecoming his Gravity to write one Treatise of Love, and four Amatory Theses. You might have mingled Sacred Story with Profane: You might have told us that *St. Peter* was married, that *St. Paul* defended the leading about a Sister; that we owe one of the most celebrated †Fathers of the Church to the Endeavours and Conversion of a Woman; and that *St. Jerom* had so great an Esteem for the Sex, as to dedicate a great Part of his Works to some of them. You might have added to these a thousand more, which you see I purposely omit to avoid Prolixity, and mention none but whom you will allow to be the most celebrated of their Profession, without doing your Cause any Injury in the least; for after all, it is

* *Ἔνας δὲ καὶ τὴν πρώτην μὴ μόνον συνουσίας ἀλλὰ καὶ φιλοσοφίας, καὶ ἐραδιῶσιν δὲ τὴν σφῆν, καὶ πολιτεύσιν:* Diog. Laert. in *Vit. Aristot.*

† *St. Austen* was converted by his Mother.

but shewing us a Drawing-room of Fops, reading a Dialogue out of *Lucian*, seeing a Scene of a Play, quoting a Sentence out of *Solomon's Proverbs*, searching all History for two or three ill Women, and the Business is done, the Cause is gained, let the Trompets sound, and *To Pæan* be sung for the Victory.

I am sorry, Sir, that I cannot be as civil to you, as you have been to me: It goes against my Conscience to place you with so bad Company, considering with what you have obliged me; and of those few great Men whom you have seduced to your Party, I am concerned that I must take better Part from you. I fancy, after what I have already said of *Solomon*, after reflecting upon his History, you cannot think him a true Friend to your Cause; and therefore will not, I hope, depend too much upon him. I shall say nothing of his Wives and Concubines, I shall not so much as mention his *Canticles*, which * *Grotius*, as well as I, affirms to be a Love-Poem, and which

Rapin

* *Est autem* ——— It is a Dialogue between *Solomon* and the King of *Egypt's* Daughter; two Chorus's, one of young Men, the other of Virgins, who lay near the Bed-chamber, speaking between. The Nuptial Secrets lye hid here under modest Words, which was the Cause the ancient *Hebrews* would not suffer this Book to be read, but by those who were near Marriage. *Grot. in Cantic.*

* *Rapin* reckons both the first and best of Pastorals; but I shall attack you at your own Weapon; I shall oppose Proverb against Proverb; if he has been severe in them upon ill Women, whose Cause I do not undertake, he has spoken as favourably of the † Wise and the Good; for whom we appear: In like manner, if *Euripides* has represented Women so in his Tragedies, as to get the Name of the Woman-hater, I appeal from his Writings to his Life and Conversation, which shew him far otherwise. If *Simonides* gives you severe Characters of several Women, he gives you one at last that makes amends for all; one in whom no Fault can be found; and if you think that is not enough to take him off from your Party, if you are still so very fond of him, we will tell you, that Men who are deformed and ugly, as † *Simonides* was, naturally declare themselves Enemies to Women, because they fancy Women are Enemies to them; and upon that Account, not upon the Account of his Wit, we will allow him to you. As for *St. Chrysostom*, tho' we have all the Respect imaginable for a Father of Church, and upon that Account

M 2

shall

* *Rapin de Carmine Pastoralis.*

† *Proverbs*, Chap. last, &c.

‡ *Girald. in vit. Simonidis. Plutarch in vit. Themistoclis.*

shall not enter into the Merits of the Cause betwixt *him and the Empress *Eudoxia*; yet this we shall say, Sir, that as Fathers of the Church are subject to Passions, as well as other Men; so it is no Wonder that a Man, who is used very ill by one Woman, and converses with few else, should conclude them all alike. Thus after having taken two of your Patriots from you, and if not taken, at least disabled the other two from being very credible Witnesses, you are reduced to *Lucian* and *Juvenal*. For the former, if I should quote you what the old Fathers say of him, if I should tell you, that he did not only abuse the Christian Religion, but even his own; that he rallied all the Philosophers, Orators, and Historians of his Time; that not content with that, he falls foul upon those his own Religion taught him to worship as Gods; I fancy you would not think what such a Man says of any great Weight; but truly, Sir, there is no need of that in this Case: What does this *Lucian* do, pray? Why † he describes the Bawds griping, covetous, and encouraging their Daughters in Lewdness; his Courtesans false, jilting, and true Courtesans throughout. And what of all this, pray? what does this make for you?

It

* V. Socrat. Schol. Sozomen. Evagr.

† See the Dialogues of the Courtesans.

It is not the Cause of Bawds, or Courtesans that we undertake; tho' even amongst them he represents a great part easy, loving, good-natur'd Fools, and us'd accordingly by their Lovers. But does *Lucian* pretend that there are no good Women? Does he fall upon the Sex in general? or does not he bring in * *Charicles* in one place defending them, and does not he make the greatest Encomium that can be of *Pantbæa* in another, and speak with abundance of Esteem of several other Women in the same? And if he does introduce *Callicratides* in one of his Dialogues railing at the Sex, in Opposition to *Charicles*, he does it in the Defence of a Sin, which I am sure you will scarce think it civil to name. What shall we say to *Juvenal*, but what *Plato* did to *Xenocrates*, bid him sacrifice to the Graces. He is always violent, always declaiming, always in a Passion; and what Wonder if he falls upon the Women in one of his Fits? After all, you will make no great Matter of him; for if he has writ one Satire upon the Women, he has writ fifteen upon the Men. For the comic Poets and Satirists, whom you mention in general, when you name them in particular, I shall give them particular Answers. And now truly, Sir, see yourself reduced to a miserable Equipage;

M 3

some

* In the Dialogue of *Lovers*.

some old Husbands, and jilted Lovers; some Men with ill Faces, and worse Mien; may possibly stick to you still; but that is all; I am sorry to see a Man so well made, of so much Wit, and who has been so successful amongst the Ladies, rank himself with such a Tribe; but you do it, I suppose, by way of Variety only; and so let *Misogynes* appear, at the Head of his Regiment, that makes a worse Figure than Sir *John Falstaffe's*; let them be encouraged with stummed Wine and muddy Ale; let them give Fire to their Mundungus, and so let the Battel begin, whilst we with all the Heroes, Wits, and Philosophers, see how we can defend the Cause we have undertaken.

I am sensible, Sir, that I have broken the Order of your Discourse, and I beg your Pardon for it; But I thought it was necessary to distinguish our Enemies from our Friends, before the Armies joined, that so we might know whom to attack, and whom to spare; and having done that, I shall now confine myself to your Method, and follow the Course that you please to lead me.

Though I perfectly agree with you in the Esteem of the Laws made for the Encouragement of Marriage, and consequently cannot but regret the Want of them amongst

amongst ourselves; yet I must beg your Pardon, Sir, if I wholly dissent from you, in the Inference you would draw from it: For it is very apparent to me, and to any unbiassed Person else, I suppose, that those Laws were never made, as you fancy, for the forcing Men to the Love of Women, to which all Countries were naturally enough enclined; but for the restraining them to Particulars; that whilst they followed the general Pleasures of the Sex, they might not lose the useful Part, which was the Procreation of Children. Had there been so few Virtues amongst them, as you please to imagine, there had been no Need of this; When we have but one Dish of Meat that we like, we fall upon that without any Deliberation; but when the Fancy is distracted with Variety of Dainties, we often lose more Time in the making our Choice, than would otherwise be requisite to the satisfying our Appetites.

It is true, Sir, it is a very good Way to judge of People by the Company they are fond of; but it is not a certain Way to judge of People by the Company that is fond of them. There was a Taylor in Love with Queen *Elizabeth*, but it does not necessarily follow that Queen *Elizabeth* was in Love with a Taylor. If there are ridiculous Fellows who follow the Ladies,

before we run down the Ladies for it, let us see if they do not laugh at them as well as we our selves. And I cannot think their pursuing them any Reason at all for Men of Sense to avoid them. You would think it very hard, that *Alexander* and *Cæsar* should quit the Art of War, because some *Thrafoes* and bragging Bullies pretended to it as well as they; and *Virgil* and *Horace* would take it very ill, that you should damn all Sorts of Poetry, because of the *Bavius's* and *Mævius's*, who set up for it; and whatever Reason you would give against the being a Minister of State, I dare say, Sir *Politick Woudbee's* aiming at it would be none. (Here *Philogynes* seems to me not to understand the right Use of that considerable Part of Mankind call'd Fools; For it is only the Half-Wit that is intolerable, and a true Fool, is next a true Wit the best Company in the World; for as a noble Author has extreamly well observed,

*Wit, like Terce Claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no Use at all;
But in its full Perfection of Decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in Play.*

DORSET.

After

After this I need not tell you, Sir, that it is very ill judging of People by their Out-side; and as I laugh at those who like a Man only for his being well dressed, so I fancy you will allow them to be as ridiculous, who run him down only for the same Reason. It was objected against * *Aristotle* and † *Cicero*, that they were too sumptuous in their Apparel, and overcurious in their Dress; and without doubt there were deep ‡ Critics in those Times, said they minded nothing but making themselves fine; who yet, without any Offence to their Learning, we may suppose, could not give so good an Account of their Studies, as these two great Men have done of theirs.

(Courage! there are two good Precedents for the Beaux.)

After all, Sir, I know there are a great many of these gay Coxcombs, of these eternal Pretenders to Love; and I have nothing to say in their Behalf; let them even shift for themselves amongst the *Tbrasoes*, and *Bavius*'s. But they do not only pretend (you say) they are successful too. It is very possible, Sir; I do not know but there may be

* *Diogenes Laertius in vit. Aristot.*

† *Plutarch in vit. Ciceronis.*

‡ *See Verres's Jests upon Cicero for his Effeminacy. Plut.*

be Fools enough of the other Sex, to like the Fools of ours. But it is with the best Sort of Women too (you say) that they succeed. And who tells you so, pray? They themselves. I swear, Sir, though I have a very great Esteem for those Gentlemen, yet I must beg their Pardon for my Faith in this Point; I can never think a Woman, whose Wit we all allow, can be fond of a Man whose Folly we all see: On the other side, I know how natural it is, for every one to avoid Contempt; and when a Man is despised in one Place, what so reasonable as to make you believe he is esteemed in another. And I hope the Gentlemen themselves will take it for a Compliment, when I tell them I do not believe a Word they say in this Point; since certainly a Man of Honour would rather of the two, tell a Lye to the Prejudice of a Woman who uses him ill, than a Truth to the utter Ruin of one who grants him all the Favours he can ask.

But let us judge them by their Actions, say you! Do not most of the young Heiresses run away with the pitiful Fellows? If they do, Sir, it should rather deserve your Pity than your Anger; or if you must be angry, be angry with the Guardians whose Severity frighten them away, and yet hinders them the Sight of
any

any Men of Merit to run away with. It is no Wonder that one who has never seen any Town, but where he was born, should think that the finest in the World; and you cannot blame a Woman for being in Love with a Man who does not deserve her, if she never saw any who did. All that we can reasonably expect in that Point is, that she should make some Satisfaction when she sees the World better; and if she shews her Contempt of her Choice then, it is as much (if not more) than can be required. In like manner you cannot say a Widow makes an ill choice, except you prove she was offered a better. If a Man, who is obliged to ride a Journey, does it upon an ill Horse, you will be very well satisfy'd certainly, when he tells you, it is the best he could get. (I confess, Madam, this seems to me but a very indifferent Excuse for the Widows; for he would make us believe, it is but next Oars with them; and so I told my Friend; but he reply'd, I must consider, it is only those Widows who make an ill Choice, about which he is to speak; and as he cannot say of them, as of the young Maids, that it was for want of seeing the World; so they must be contented with this Excuse, or make a better for themselves.) For the Wives, who you say cuckold their Husbands, there may be somewhat

what more to be said. Modesty being almost an inseparable Quality of Wit, there is no Wonder that a Man who is possessed of that, should so seldom succeed in these Undertakings; whilst Fools, by their natural Impudence push on the Thing; and married Women are a sort of Forts that are sooner taken by Storm than Treaty. So that this shews rather the great Confidence of the Man, than the little Judgment of the Woman; who it is forty to one had much rather a Man of Sense was possessed of her, if he would take the same Methods to gain her as the other had done.

(After all, Madam, I think none of these Excuses extraordinary; therefore if I were worthy to advise the Ladies, they should rather make Use of Men of Wit in all these Capacities, than put their Friends to the Trouble of inventing such pitiful Defences for them.)

Now, Sir, as I cannot see any Reason why Women should naturally love Fools more than Men of Wit, so I shall very hardly be brought to believe they do. In a Husband I suppose they propose a Man whose Conversation shall be agreeable as well as his Person; and who shall have Wit to entertain them, as well as Wisdom to direct them; and in whom can this be found, but in Men of the best Sense? If in
a Gal-

a Gallant, as you say, they propose Pleasure without Scandal, tis very hard the Heat that warms a Man's Brain, should so entirely settle there, as to render him incapable of pleasing them otherwise; though it is possible, by reason of his having Variety of Thoughts to divert him, he may not give himself so entirely up to those Pleasures, as People less capable of thinking do: And for the Scandal, who so proper to hinder that, as those who have Prudence to manage Things so as not to be found out, and Wit enough to turn it off if they are? Whilst a Fool by his Want of Sense shall quickly make the Thing public, if there be an Intrigue, or by his Vanity brag of one, though there be none. Add to this, that when a Woman seems pleased with a Man of Wit, every body is apt to attribute it to the Pleasure of his Conversation; whereas, when she is fond of a Man, in whom we can see nothing to be liked, we naturally suppose she likes him for something that we do not see: And though it is possible it may be only Want of Judgment in the Lady, yet the World is apt to compliment her Understanding in that Case, to the Prejudice of her Reputation. And to conclude, Sir, though I do not believe all those Men successful who say they are not, yet I am very much inclined to believe
all

all those Men not to be successful, who say they are.

For your Examples of Women-haters, I have sufficiently I think reply'd to them already; and for your other Arguments, if it be an Affront to call a Man effeminate, I hope you do not think it any great Compliment to tell a Woman she is masculine; and had that Argument been urged against you, I dare answer for you, you would have said, that that only proved the Perfections of the Sexes different; and as Man was made for the ruder Labours, it was requisite he should be strong and coarse; and the Women, being made for the easier Things, ought to be soft, tender, and delicate; And as for Mens being governed by their Wives, though the being bestor'd by them is not so commendable; yet it was observed by † Cato of the Romans, that they governed all the World, and that their Wives governed them: Amongst the † Assyrians it was a Custom introduced by Semiramis, (who had ruled that Kingdom with so much Glory) that the Wives should have Dominion over the Husbands: The same Custom prevailed likewise among the

* V. Alex., ab Alex. L. 4. C. 8.

† Plutarch in vit. Cato.

‡ V. Leges Connubiales.

the * *Sauramates*, and the † *Egyptians* had an exprefs Law to that Purpose. We know how much the ‡ *Spartans* (the bravest Men of the World) were commanded by their Wives, and that all the Care and Management of domestic Affairs was committed to them. So that I cannot imagine how a Thing should be so very scandalous, that was practised by most of the bravest People under the Sun.

Here are very good Precedents for married Women, which it is to be hoped they will lay up in their Hearts, and practise in their Lives and Conversations.

I have as great a Veneration for those Poets you mention, as any Man can; and upon that Account I shall not believe all the Ill they say of their Mistresses, because I suppose they would not have me: As I have been a Lover myself, so I know very well that People are apt in those Cases to take Suspensions for Realities, and Surmises for Matter of Fact. Does not || *Aurengzebe* call *Indamora* faithless, and ingrate? And yet I believe he would be very angry that you should call her so too;

and

* *Nicholaus epist. 187.*, and from him *Stobaeus*. Serm. 42.

† *Diodor. Sicul. L. 1.*

‡ *Aristot. Politic. L. 2. Cap. 7.*

|| See the Tragedy by Mr. Dryden.

and would not any one who came in when he was in one of his Rants, conclude, a Man who loved so well, would not be enraged against a Mistress at that rate, unless her Falshood was very apparent? And yet when we come to examine the Cause of this Disorder, what is it, but *Morats* giving him his Life at her Request, or his leaning upon her Lap when he died. I rather mention this than any of the Poets you spoke of, not only because all the Motions and Passions of a Lover are described with as much Art and Delicacy, as in any of those Antients, but also, that seeing the whole Business before you, you may judge of every little Cause of his Disorder, as well as he himself, which in Odes and Elegies you cannot do. You see the Lover there in a Fury, but what Cause he has to be so, there is no body to tell you, but he who is in it. Add to this, that a Man often feigns Jealousy of his Mistress, to hinder her from being so of him, and will upbraid her Falshood to defend his own. (That is a Thing, now I confess, Madam, which I can hardly believe.) And it is evident, they had not really any such bad Opinion of Women, since with all this they did not cease to run after them. However, if you think these general Answers not sufficient, let us see what we can say to Particulars.

For

For the Complaints of Cruelty and Scorn, I look upon them as Things of Course; and therefore, shall say nothing to them. If *Anacreon's* Mistress did ask him nothing but Money, why did he chuse one whose Necessities drove her upon it. And if other Men have made Complaints of the Women minding Wealth more than Love; I desire to know whether Women have not as much Reason to make the same Complaints of the Men. And for those who talk of their Mistresses Inconstancy, let us see first whether they were constant to them. For *Ovid*, he does not pretend to put it upon you, but complains in * one Place of his being in Love with two at once, and tells you frankly in † another, that he was in Love with all the Town. For *Horace*, *Suetonius*, (or whoever it was that writ his Life) informs you that he was intemperately given to Women; and what Wonder then, that a Man who try'd so many, should find one or two false. *Tibullus* had two ‡ Mistresses whom he celebrates by Name, and there are some more Elegies that it does not appear whether they are writ to them or others; and though

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he

* *Eleg. 1 L. 10. 1.*† *Eleg. 4. L. 1.*‡ *Delia. Nemesis.*

he tells us the * Report was, that his Mistress was kind to other Men; yet the Report gave him so much Torment, that he desired it should be stifled; if therefore you have any Friendship for him, endeavour to fulfil his Desire in that Point. For *Propertius*, besides his † intemperate Love of all Women, he tells you his ‡ Mistress caught him with two Wenches at the same Time; and confesses that he rails at the Incontinence of Women, only because she upbraided him with his. Thus whatever Qualifications those great Men had, Constancy, you, see was none; and though we allow you, each of them had Merit enough for any one Woman, yet one Man can hardly have enough for half a Score.

Now if Ruin and Desolation has come to great Men, and States, from Women, it shewed they had a good Opinion of the Sex in general, that they would suffer for them; and had they not been sensible the greatest Part were good, they could never have been imposed upon by the Bad. Then as for those ill Women whom you have men-

* Rumor ait crebro nostram peccasse putam,

Quid miserum torques Rumor acerbe tace.

† Aspice uti cœlo modo Sol, modo Luna ministrat,

Sic etiam nobis una puella parum

2 *Lib. El.* 18.

‡ *Lib. 4. El.* 9.

mentioned, as I suppose you will not undertake to defend all the Actions of Tyrants and Murderers; so I do not think myself at all obliged to defend all the Women who have been guilty of some of their Crimes. The Dispute is not whether there have been any ill Women in the World, but whether there are not more Good. And when I have told you that the Book that condemns *Dalilab*, cries up *Deborah* and *Jael*: That if *Homer* has represented *Helen* guilty of some Faults (for you will see that *Homer* does not represent her Cause so violently bad) he tells us of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*, and a Thousand others who were very good ones; That if *Clytemnestra* was false to *Agamemnon*, *Penelope* was as famous for her Truth to *Ulysses*; and so put you Example against Example, which I forbear to do, only because it is so very easy; should I, I say, do but this, you could not complain that your Arguments were unanswered. But truly, Sir, we might carry the Thing much farther; we might defend some of those Women you mentioned, and excuse the rest. For *Dalilab* I shall say nothing, out of Respect to the Scripture, that represents her as an ill Woman; it is possible, were she alive, she might tell you in her own Defence, that what Account you have of her, is from

N 2

her

her professed Enemies: That however taking the Thing as they tell it; if she did commit a Piece of Treachery, it was against an Enemy of her Country; and that it was very hard she should be so much run down for the same Thing they have so much admired in *Jael* and *Judith*, as well as every body else did in *Marcus Brutus*; she would perhaps push her Defence further, and tell you, that though she deliver'd *Samson* to the *Philistines* to be kept Prisoner, yet she neither drove a Nail through his Head, nor cut it off. But for *Helen*, give me Leave to tell you, it is a great Dispute amongst the Historians, whether she was forced away by *Paris*, or went by her own Consent; several are of the former Opinion; and * *Hoelztzim* says plainly, he wonders *Homer* will put such a ridiculous Story upon the World, as to make her the Occasion of the *Trojan War*. (*Menelaus*, it must be confessed, Madam, if the Story be true, was a very easy good-natur'd Husband, who would be at so much Pains and Charge to fetch back a Wife who run away with another Man. I do not remember in my own Memory, to have known above five or six Examples like it) And *Plato* in *Phæd.* speaks as if the

* Prologom. ad Apollon.

the belying her were the Cause of *Homer's* Blindness, as well as of *Stesichorus's*; but that the latter understood the Way of expiating his Fault better, and made his Recantation to this Effect, That there was not a Word of Truth in the Story of her going to *Troy*. If *Clytemnestra* was consenting to her Husband's Death, yet it was *Egistbus*, a Man, who gave the Blow: And if *Thais* did advise the burning *Persepolis*, yet it was no less a Person than *Alexander* the Great who put it in Execution. And as for *Deianira* and *Cleopatra*, whatever Fatality arrived to their Lovers from them, may certainly be very well excused upon the Innocence of their Intentions, and their Punishment of themselves afterwards, the one hanging, the other poisoning herself. If the *Capuan* Women destroyed *Hannibal's* Army, they destroyed a Body of Enemies that all the Men in *Italy* could not. In like manner, for your other Instances we might tell you, that *Procopius*, who tells those terrible Stories of *Theodora*, *Anecdota*, is so very passionate all along, and mixes such ridiculous Fables with what he tells, that there is no great Credit to be given to him. (This *Procopius* was a Soldier under *Justinian*, and has writ, amongst other Things, a secret History of those Times: In this he represents the Empress *Theodora*

more like a Devil than a Woman; he makes her and the Emperor converse frequently with Spirits, and makes her put them to an Employment, that favours more of the Flesh than the Spirit.) Though granting she was as lewd as he represents her, what Wonder is it, that one who had been a strolling Play-wench, and common Strumpet before the Emperor married her, should not turn Saint after? If the * Princess of *Parma* embroiled *Flanders*, she did it by the Command of *Philip*, for whom she governed. And as for your two Queen *Mary's*, *Caussin*, in his *Holy Court* you know, makes a Saint of the One, and *Parsons*, of the Other, with whom I leave you to fight it out, not thinking our Dispute very much concerned in it.

Then, Sir, if there are Impertinents, if there are ridiculous Persons of the other Sex, I hope you do not think they are all *Platos*, nor all *Aristotles* of our own; And I will undertake, for every Woman who plagues you with her Business, for every woud-bee Politician, and for every Pedant amongst them, to bring you double the Number of the Men. If *Olivia* is impertinent in the *Plain-Dealer*, I hope there are *Novels* and *Plausibles* who keep her Com-

* See *Bentivoglio*, *Strada*, *Garnier*.

Company; And if I should carry you to a City Coffee-House, and there shew you a Parcel of People talking of Things that they understand nothing at all of; and settling the Governments of Countries, which they never saw as much as in a Map: From thence to a Play-House, and shew you the pert and insipid Railery of the Sparks upon the Vizard-Masks: From thence to a *New-Market* Course, and enter you at a Table, where you should hear nothing talked of but Dogs and Horses: From thence to a Tavern, and shew you a Set of Men in their drunken Frolics: I fancy you would wish yourself in your Drawing-Room again, as a more agreeable Folly than any of those I have mentioned. And I appeal to you, whether *Lucian* in his *Timon*, *Boileau* in his eighth Satire, and my Lord *Rocheſter* in his upon the like Subject, say not as much against Mankind, and make them as ridiculous as you can do the Women. And I will assure you, Sir, I am far from being of the Duke of *Britanny's* Mind, that Learning is unfit for a Woman; and shall, without any Offence, either to him or you, continue of the same Opinion, till you have answer'd *Anna Maria Schurman's* Arguments in their Behalf, and till you have taken away herself, who is one of the best Arguments.

(This *Anna Maria Schurman* was a Dutch Lady of *Utrecht*, of whom you will hear more anon. There was a long Dispute between her and *Rivetus*, Whether Learning was fit for Women? 'Tis printed in her Works in *Latin*. Here, Madam, there follows a tedious Chapter, of Women who have been famous for Wit and Learning; which though it may be convenient for those who question their Abilities that Way, yet I do not see of what Use it can be to your Ladyship, or to any who have the Honour of being acquainted with you; therefore if you please, Madam, we will cast off here, and take Hands again at the Bottom.)

Nor indeed you fear that I should search three several Countries, and three several Ages, to furnish me with a learned Woman apiece. No, Sir, even *Greece* itself, to go no further, had nine Muses, nine Sibbys, and nine Lyric Poetesses, if you are delighted with the Number Nine, which is three times three. And if you have more Mind to Particulars, we will shew you there * *Megalostate* the Mistress of *Alcman*, who had a Gift of Poetry as well as he; the Daughters of † *Stesichorus*, who were

* *Vossius* de Poet. Grecis.

† *Lilius Girald.* in vit. *Stesich.*

were as good Poets as their Father. We have also an *Eretrian Sappho*, as well as she who was in Love with *Phaon*; *Erinna*, and *Demophila*, the first the Mistress of *Sappho*, the other equal to her, who flourished all four in the same Time. After these we have *Theano*, the Wife of *Pythagoras*, who undertook his School when he was dead, with two others of the same Name (if you will believe *Suidas*) whereof one was a *Lyric* Poetess, the other a *Thurian*, who writ of *Pythagoras*. We have also about the same time *Cleobulina* (the Daughter of *Cleobulus*, one of the seven Wise Men of Greece) a Poetess, and *Corinna* who had the Surname given her of *The Lyric Muse*. We have presently after *Telephilla*, an *Argive* Poetess, not only famous for her Wit, but for her inspiring her Country-women with so much Courage, as to make them put to Flight the *Spartiates*, who came upon them in the Absence of their Husbands. At the same time lived *Praxilla*, one of the nine *Lyrics*, and of whom we have a Copy of Verses to *Calais* yet extant; What will you say to *Aspetia Miliesia*, who is celebrated as a Sophistress, (you know the Word * *Sophister* was not then abused) a Teacher of Rhetoric, and a Poetess? There was also *Hestiaa*, mentioned by *Strabo*; *Antyte*, by *Tatian*;

* *Plutarch* in Vit. *Themistocl.*

Tatian; and *Nyffis*, by *Antipater Theffalus*; of the two last of which there are some Things yet extant. If you have a Mind to see what they did after they turned *Christians*, we will produce *Eudocia*, the Wife of *Theodosius*, instructed in all sort of Learning, and who writ several Treatises, very much cried up by *Photius*. I have not said a Word here of *Lastbemia* the *Mantinean*, nor *Axiothea* the *Pbliasian*, tho' they are mentioned amongst the Disciples of *Plato*, by *Diogenes Laertius*; and I own I forgot *Hipparchia*, whose Life he writes, and commends both as a Philosopher and a Writer of Tragedies, and *Hedyle* the Poetess, whom *Athenæus* quotes, and **Vossius* it seems has forgot them as well as I. I question not but there are several others whose Names we want, and I question not but there are several named whom I remember not: However this is enough to let you see we are not so hard put to it as you imagine, since one little Country can furnish us with all these. What say you, Sir; are you yet satisfied there are Women of Wit and Learning? or shall we fetch you the † *Cornelia* you mentioned, ‡ *Sempronia*,
Corni-

* *Vossius* mentions neither of these two in his *Poetis Grecis*.

† *Quintil.* L. 4.

‡ *Salust.* Bell. Catil.

* *Cornificia, Polla Argentaria* the Wife of *Lucan*, and who assisted him in his Poem; *Sulpitia, Proba Falconia, Helpine* the Wife of *Boetius*, from among the *Latins*? Or if these are not enow, shall we bring up our Reserves of *Italian, Spanish, French, German, and English*? And if you are not yet contented, because I fancy every Body else is, I shall refer you to *Jacobus a Sancto Carolo's* Library of Women, illustrious for their Writings; or to *Anna Maria Schurman*, who was indeed a Library herself, since you mention her. Pardon me, Sir, if I detain you a little longer than ordinary with this Woman; and though you may think it lost Time, because you knew it before, yet it is possible every Body does not know, that she was very well skilled in the *Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Latin, French, English, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, and Flemish* Languages; that she had a very good Faculty at Poetry and Painting; that she was a perfect Mistress of all the Philosophies; that the greatest Divines of her Time were proud of her Judgment in their own Profession; and that when we had this Character of her, she was not above thirty Years of Age. What think you, Sir, is not this Woman sufficient of herself? Or shall we refer you to *Mademoiselle*

* *Vossius* de Poetis Latin. for the rest.

demoiselle * *Gournay* among the *French*, or † *Lucretia Marinella* among the *Italians*, who have both writ in Defence of their Sex, and who are both Arguments themselves of the Excellency of it? I shall not as much as mention any of those Ladies whose Wit *Balzac* and *Voiture* so much admire; I shall say nothing of the Mesdemoiselles *Scuderie* and *Le Fevre*, to the first of which we do not only owe several excellent Treatises published under her own Name, but who is said also to have had a great Share in those that appear under her Brother's; and to the latter of which we are obliged for so many admirable Versions, and judicious Observations upon most of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets. I shall not as much as trouble you with our own Country-Women. I shall say nothing of Sir *Thomas More's* Daughters, about whose Education ‡ *Erasmus* has written; I shall pass by Sir *Nicholas Bacon's*, who were as learned as they; shall say nothing of Sir *Philip Sidney's* Lady *Pembroke*; nor as much as mention Mrs. *Philips*, or any of the rest of our *English* Poetesses; but I can hardly forbear saying something of the Lady *Jane Gray*, of whom all Nations else speak, and whose Fame is more

* L'Egalite des Deux Sexes.

† Nobilità delle Donne.

‡ Epist. ad *Budeum*.

more celebrated in *Italy*, both for her Learning and Piety, by the Account that *Michael Angelo* has given them of her, than it is here at home. Should I reckon up all those Ladies whose Wit and Learning has been celebrated by our own Poets; should I but enter upon the Praises of *Queen Elizabeth of England*, or *Mary of Scotland*, in that Particular, I should never have done. But I can hardly omit two Ladies who are Strangers, and however I am straitned for Room, yet methinks I ought to be just to those who were civil to me; since therefore I received particular Favours from the Procurator *Cornara*, during my Stay at *Venice*, let me not pass over in silence his Daughter, for whom most of the greatest Princes, and Learned Men of *Europe* have testified such an Esteem. This Lady, besides her Skill in *Rhetoric*, *Logic*, *Music*, and *Astronomy*, writ and spoke perfectly well seven several Languages; and made the Course of all the speculative Sciences with so much Success, that she might very well profess herself a Mistress of them; and all this before she was thirty Years of Age. Her Sister, whom I had the Honour to see (she herself being dead some Time before) is likewise a Person of very singular Endowments; and all this whilst they are one of the best Families of a Town, where
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the Nobility seem almost as proud of their Ignorance, as their Liberty. The other I shall mention, is *Christina* Queen of Sweden, a Princess whose Accomplishments are so generally known, that it is enough to have named her; a Lady of that true Judgment, that she knew how to esteem Wit and Learning at the same Time that she despised Crowns; and seemed to be born as a sufficient Recompence to the Commonwealth of Letters, for all the Mischiefs her Predecessors the *Goths* and *Vandals* had done it before; I am satisfied it is impossible for me to add any Thing to a Glory so established as that of this Princess is; yet as I never passed any Time either with greater Benefit, or greater Satisfaction, than what I passed in her Conversation, so I am very well pleased, methinks, with any thing that gives me Occasion to call it to my Remembrance. There might be as advantageous Characters, perhaps, given of some Ladies of our own Country now living, did not their Modesty, that inseparable Quality of Wit and Women, deter me from it.

We might tell you farther, Sir, that this Modesty too often hinders them from making their Virtues known: That they are not of those eternal Scriblers who are continually plaguing the World with their Works; and that it is not the Vanity of getting

getting a Name, which several of the greatest Men of the World have owned to be the Cause of their writing, that is the Cause of the Womens. Had not *Sapbo* been so much in Love, it is possible we had never heard any Mention of one of the greatest Wits that ever was born; had not *Cicero* and *Quintilian* given us Accounts of *Cornelia*, and the Daughters of *Laelius*, and *Hortensius*, they had never done it themselves; had not *Jane Gray* been put to Death, her Virtues had never been so much taken notice of; had not the *Portugueze* Nun been deserted by her Gallant, we had missed some of the most passionate Letters that these latter Ages have produced; and had not *Anna Maria Schurman's* Works been published by a Friend, without her Consent, we had lost the Benefit of them. We may tell you too, that it is not only in respect of their own Sex that they are admired, but even of ours. That of those two Odes we have yet of *Sapbo*, we owe one to *Dionysius Halicarnassæus*, the other to *Longin*, the two best Critics of *Greece*, who chose them out for Examples to their Rules, before any of the Mens: That the Epistle of *Sapbo* to *Phaon*, which is esteemed the most delicate of *Ovid's*, is supposed to be taken out of her Writings: That *Corinna* was five Times
victorious

victorious over *Pindar*, the best Lyric Poet of our Sex. And were we here in *England* as forward in printing Letters, as they are in *France* and *Italy*, we might furnish Volumes of them written by our own Ladies, that would make all the Women-haters blush, or make all Men else blush for them.

(Here, *Madam*, I must own to you I grew jealous, for I could not imagine that *PHILOGYNES* would have said this, without having seen some of your Ladyship's Letters.)

We may tell you too, that granting the equal Capacities of both Sexes, it is a greater Wonder to find one Learned Woman, than a hundred Learned Men, considering the Difference of their Educations. If you should go into *Greece*, and, seeing the Ignorance is among them at present, tell them their Countrymen were incapable of learning, would you not be very well satisfied, when they told you of the *Platos* and *Aristotles* of Antiquity? And that if they had not as famous Men now, it was because they have not the same Advantages they had then? And pray why may not the Women be allowed the same Excuse? Will you by your Laws and Customs endeavour to keep them ignorant, and then blame them for being so? And forbid all
Men,

Men of Sense keeping them Company, as you do, and yet be angry with them for keeping Company with Fools? Consider what Time and Charge is spent to make Men fit for somewhat; Eight or Nine Years at School; Six or Seven Years at the University; Four or Five Years in Travel; and after all this, are they not almost all Fops, Clowns, Dunces, or Pedants? I know not what you think of the Women; but if they are Fools, they are Fools, I am sure, with less Pains, and less Expence than we are.

Upon second Thoughts I hope, Sir, you will allow, that Women may have Wit and Learning; for their Courage and Conduct we may possibly say more anon. But for Heaven's sake, do not aggravate their Faults always at that Rate; for whatever *Sappho's* Life and Conversation were, there is nothing in her Writings, but what represents the most tender, and delicate Passion in the World: And as for *Aloisia Sigæa*, (I give you Thanks for putting me in mind of * *Aloisia Sigæa*,) who was as remarkable for her Wit and Learning as any of the other, I am very well assured you do not believe that infamous Book which goes under her Name, to have been written by her; † all who speak of it assure us the

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* *Vaseus* Chron. Hisp. *Thuanus*.

† Vid. *Eloges des hommes illustres de Monsieur de Thou*.

contrary; and that she was so far from writing it, that she † never published any Thing: On the other side, all Historians represent her as remarkable for her Virtue as her Learning. For the Queen of *Sheba*, there is no mention in Scripture of her Travelling for any Thing but to be satisfied with the Wisdom of *Solomon*; however, if you will believe she went to him, for the same Reason that ‡ *Thalestris* did to *Alexander* the Great; it was no such great Matter, in Countries where it was thought no Sin, if the one had a Mind to have a Child by the wisest Man in the World, and the other by the bravest. After all, we must own if there are lewd Women, they endeavour to conceal their Lewdness, they do not brag of it, nor fly openly in the Face of Religion; and if they once come to be publicly discovered, they are rendered infamous to all the World, and their nearest Friends and Relations avoid their Company: Whilst there are several Men who boast of their Iniquities, value themselves upon their being thought lewd, and what is worse, find others to value them upon it too; nay, by their Incitements and Encouragements to Wickedness, often bring themselves to that Pass, that the least

Part

† Vid. Biblioth. Hispan.

‡ Vid. *Quint. Curtius*, B. 6.

Part of the Sins they are to answer for, are what they have committed themselves. But not a Word more, I beseech you, of *Sappho*, nor her new Crime, let *Lucian* be forgotten for putting us in mind of it, and let it be cloistered up within the Walls of a *Turkish Seraglio*; I speak not this in Behalf of the Female Sex, but of our own; for if they should once hear of this Argument, and fall upon us with * *Socrates*, † *Plato*, and all those Heroes of Antiquity whom *Plutarch* and *Lucian* produce in Defence of a like Sin in our Sex; should they mention *Anacreon*, *Tibullus*, *Martial*, and all those Poets who have eternized their Infamy in their Writings; and after that shew you what Progresses this Crime has made, not only in the *Turk's* Dominion, but even in *Spain* and *Italy*, I am sure, Sir, you would wish you had said nothing of a Point, that may be so severely made use of against our selves.

Now tho' you are pleased to quote the Lampoons, yet you think, as well as I, that such Things are not worth any bodies taking notice of; we both know there are a sort of People about this Town, who please themselves with Defamations: One of these,

O 2

if

* *Socrates* was in Love with *Alcibiades*.

† *Plato* writes Verses to *Aster*, a Boy, with whom he was in Love.

if they see a Man speak to a Woman, make their little Signs, their politic Winks, and possibly when they meet him, in their insipid Way of Railery, tax him with it; If he is angry at them, then he is piqued, and afraid the Intrigue should be found out; If he says nothing (as it deserves nothing) then he is out of Countenance, and cannot say a Word; and if he laughs at them (which is all the Answer a Man would make to such Stuff) then he is pleased with the Thing; so that every Way the poor Lady's Reputation suffers; and these Sparks shall not fail to blow it about Town, that there is an Amour; not that they think so of you, but that you may return the Compliment, and say so of them, when they speak to any Lady themselves.

For their Garrulity, if you would see Things which are against you, in that Treatise of * *Plutarch*, from whence you bring two of your Instances, you might have been furnished with enow of the Mens. But tho' it is lawful to forget Stories that are not for you, yet methinks you ought to tell out those you do mention; and when we have heard that the Wife of *Fulvius*, seeing what she had done, shewed her Husband the Way to avoid the Consequences of it, by stabbing herself first; we must certainly

* De Garrulitate.

tainly own, that such a Woman had Virtue enough to make Amends for all her Faults. And if in Answer to the Instances you bring, I should mention the * *Melitish*, or the *Saxon* Women, who tho' they were all engaged in Plots with their Husbands, yet not one discovered it; If I should shew you † *Leæna* at *Athens*, or ‡ *Epicbaris* at *Rome*, who being both engaged in Plots, one against the Tyrant *Pisistratus*, the other against *Nero*, yet could not by all their Tortures, be brought to discover them; and that the former, for fear her Torments should make her reveal it, bit off her Tongue; certainly, Sir, you would have a better Opinion of their Taciturnity. But we need not go so far for Instances; our own Country, and our own Time, will furnish us with enow. In all the Plots we have had continually on foot, tho' we have had Women engaged and accused; tho' there was one pilloried in the first, three executed in another, and sixteen or seventeen excepted in a General Pardon; though there have been several seized upon like Accounts since, yet, you see, there has not been one of them who ever made a Discovery,

O 3

* *Plutarch*, de *Clar. Mulierib.*

† *Plin.* B. 3. *Plutarch*, de *Garul.*

‡ *Tacitus Annal.* B. 15.

covery. Give me leave, Sir, to commend them for their Virtues at the same Time that I am far from defending their Faults; and though I have a very good Opinion of those Men who discover a Conspiracy upon Remorse of Conscience, yet I must take leave to believe that there are some, at least, who do it upon another Account; and without any Sorrow at all for their Design, except that it did not succeed, think to save their own Lives, by the Sacrifice of other Peoples; and make Amends for their Treason against the Government, by their Treachery to their Friends.

But no Wonder you are so severe upon the Faults of modern Women, when you fall upon those whom all Antiquity has revered. It is hard that *Jael* and *Judith*, whose Actions have been so long admired, should be called to Account for them so many thousand Years after. It would be an Injury to their Cause, to say any Thing in their Defence; and a Presumption in me to justify Actions, that the Scripture has celebrated so much. But must poor *Penelope* fall under your Displeasure too? I am sensible how much she is like to suffer, who is defended by so dull a Fellow as *Homer*, against those most ingenious Gentlemen, who are the Lampooners of our Age: However, as their Ability in
Scandal

Scandal needs no foreign Aid; and as I am satisfied they would think it a Disparagement to them to be reckoned with *Virgil* and *Ovid*, let us free them, pray, from such unworthy Companions. For the former, I believe you are fully satisfied the *Priapeia* are none of his; and as fully satisfied that the Authority of such sort of Verses is not extreamly much to be depended upon: And for *Ovid*, if in the Person of a Bawd, who he tells you was a Liar, he gives you a Reflection upon *Penelope*; yet he makes her very sufficient Amends, when * he speaks in his own Person. And taking the Story as it lies, that her House was always full of Lovers whom she could by no Means get away; *Laertes* being too old, *Telemachus* too young to encounter them; it certainly shews her Virtue so much the more: For as there is no great Courage required to keep a Fortrefs in the Time of Peace, so a very little Virtue is sufficient to preserve that Chastity which no Body ever thought it worth his While to attempt. Now if *Lycophron* and *Duris Samius* represent her as a lewd Woman, as I understand not how they should come to know it, all

O 4

the

* *Penelope mansit, quamvis custode remoto,*

Inter tam multos intemerata procos.

OVID. *Amor.* L. 3. El. 4.

the Writers who lived before them giving so very different an Account; so for *Lycophron*, it is no great Wonder a *Greek* and a Poet should lye; or that *Duris Samius*, seeing the Etymology of the Word *Pan* come so pat, should feed us with a Story upon it, of his own Invention. (*Pan* you remember, *Madam*, in *Greek* signifies All, and who would not tell a Lye for so pretty a Conceit?) You may observe also, that this Author was not of so established a Reputation as *Cicero* would make us believe, since * *Plutarch*, who quotes him once, does it only to contradict him in a Point of History, that he ought to have known better than this. For *Lucretia*, observe of Sir *Charles Sidley*, as of *Ovid* before, that he only makes the Bawd say it; and if you consider the Fear in which she was; you will find that that Passion often makes People run into a greater Danger to avoid a less, of which you have Instances enow in our own Plantations, of the † *Slaves* who hang themselves, to avoid their being beat.

After all this, Sir, if you still think with *Le Chambre* that Men have a greater natural Inclination to Virtue than Women, yet I hope you will grant they have taken a very becoming Care to overcome that Inclination;

* Life of *Alcibiades*.

† *Ligon's History of Barbados*. Fol. p. 50.

tion; and if Nature has not given so large a Talent to the other Sex, yet they have improved that Talent much better than we have done ours. Then for your Instances of some few ill Women, I tell you, as I did before, that the Cause in general is not at all concerned in them; and when I shew you an *Atreus* cutting his Brother's Children in Pieces, and giving them to him to eat; a *Phalaris* roasting People alive in a brazen Bull; a *Busyris* murdering all his Guests; a *Nero* ripping open the Womb of his Mother, to see the Place where he had lain; and so for every Crime of that Sex, shew you how far they have been outdone by some of our own, as that * *Italian* Lady I mentioned does in her Trearise upon a like Occasion, I am sure you will find a very great Disadvantage of your Side. But I take you at your Word, let us go a Circuit with the Judges, and if you find not six Men condemn'd for one Women, I will pay the Charges of the Journey. It is true, indeed, as most of the Women who are condemn'd, are so, for a Crime which they commit to prevent their Shame; so the Care of that, and Hypocrisy, are two Faults of which our Sex is not so generally guilty. Now though
I do

* *Lucretia Marinella, La Nobiltà e l'ecceellenza delle Donne, con deffetti e mancamenti degli Huomini.*

I do not think myself obliged to say one Word for any one of those Women you have condemned; and shall therefore leave *Phædra* and *Fausta* to your Mercy, though neither of them expected the Cruelty of their Husbands should have carried Things so far; and shall not argue much for *Semiramis*, though certainly her having all the Bravery, Wisdom, and Virtues of our Sex in the greatest Perfection, might move you to forgive her the having some of our Faults; and for her putting Men to Death, I am contented that every one who boast of Ladies Favours should be served in the same Manner; (Here, Madam, I cannot at all agree with *Philogynes*, because it might be severe upon some honest Gentlemen, whom all the Laws against Adultery and Fornication would never reach.) Yet methinks I have an Inclination to say somewhat for Queen *Joan* of Naples, because she is generally represented so very ill. The common * Story is, that having married *Andreossa* an *Hungarian*, and her Kinsman; and not finding him so capable of satisfying her, as his Youth and Beauty promised, she caused him to be strangled in a Silk Cord of her own making. The first and chief Author of this Story is *Villani*, a *Florentine*,

* *Essais de Montagne*, L. 3. C. 5.

rentine, (for * *Collenuccio* takes it from him, though, as such Things use, it has lost nothing in his Hands) who tells you that he had it from a † Relation made to his Brother by a certain *Hungarian*, who had been a Servant of *Andreossa's*; and in his Return to *Hungary*, passed through *Florence*. Now the Author of this Story being an *Hungarian*, one of those of whom *Petrarch* writes so much ill, and also a Servant of the dead King, he ought to speak passionately against the Queen, of whom they were professed Enemies: You may observe also, that the ‡ Letter which *Lewis* the Brother of *Andreossa* writes to her at the Time that he came with a potent Army to revenge his Brother's Death, speaks of her being privy to it, as a Thing that was suspected, rather than a Thing that did plainly appear. On the other side, || *Boccace*, who lived a great while in that Court, throws all the Blame of the Action upon the Conspirators, and none at all upon the Queen. After all, believe as you please, and do as you please with all these Women who have offend-

* *Istoria di Napoli*, L. 5.

† *V. Annotazione e Supplimento al Istoria di Collenuccio per Costo.*

‡ *Inordinata vita præcedens, retentio potestatis in regno, neglecta vindicta, vir alter susceptus, & excusatio subsequens, necis viri tui te probant fuisse participem & consortem.*

|| *Casi degli Huomini Illustri.*

offended you: If *Helen* runs away from *Menelaus*, let all *Greece* arm, and fetch her back again; If *Clytemnestra* consents to the killing *Agamemnon*, let *Orestes* kill her for it; If *Semiramis* puts the Men she has made Use of to Death, let her own Son serve her in the same Manner; If *Joan* of *Naples* causes *Andreossa* to be strangled, let *Durazzo* cause her to be strangled in the same Place; Let not your Severity stop there, but let their Infamy live when they themselves are dead; and let the *Euripides's*, the *Juvenals*, and the *Misogynes's*, set out their Actions in their true Colours. But let the Business go no farther, I beseech you. Let not *Hecuba*, nor *Andromache* suffer, because *Helen* is a wanton Woman; nor *Penelope* be run down, because *Clytemnestra* is an ill Wife; and if *Joan* of *Naples* strangles her Husband, let not all those who have died for theirs, fall under the same Condemnation. It is one of the chiefest Ends of Punishments to distinguish the Good from the Bad, do not you therefore by Punishments confound them. If *Tibullus* and *Ovid's* Mistresses jilt their Lovers, let it be remembered against them two thousand Years after; and if *Misogynes's* serve him so, let him shew his Resentment in as severe a Manner as he pleases. Let him disdain the mean Revenge of malicious

licious Whispers, and nameless Lampoons, and the much meaner Way of railing at all, because one has injured him; but let him boldly hunt her out from the Herd; let him publish her Infamy in lasting Characters; though she is free from Conscience, let her be plagued with the Stings of Shame; and let all Women be terrified by her Example from being false to Men of Wit, or kind to Fools. But let him have very full Satisfaction of the Matter of Fact first; let him not go upon dubious Grounds, nor jealous Surmises; let him not believe the Vanity of some, nor the Malice of others; let him consider the Stories of * *Bradamante* in *Ariosto*, of *Aurestilla* in *Consalo de Cepedes*, of *Othello* in *Shakespeare*, and let him see how far Jealousy may seem reasonable, whilst nevertheless the Person of whom they are jealous may be innocent. After all, I give you even in that greater Power than I should care to take myself; I would rather by other Peoples Faults correct my own, and should think the noblest Revenge a Man could take upon a Woman who injured him, would be the doing some Action that would make all the World admire him; I would have every body upbraid her with my Wrongs, whilst I myself was silent: It is true, if by the Injuries she did

* *Orlan. Furioso. Canto 32.*

did me, there were any Aspersions cast upon my Reputation; there Justice to myself would oblige me to make the Story public: But I would certainly endeavour to reclaim her by Mildness, before I made Use even of that Severity; and as I should scorn any Favour that was the Effect of Fear, so if I once broke into an open War, all the Submission she could make should never bring me to an Amity again, though perhaps my own Good-nature might in Time prevail upon me for a Forgiveness.

This, Sir, is what I thought necessary to reply to what you said; in which I see we have quite exceeded the Bounds of a Dialogue, and turn'd that into Declamation, which was intended only for Conversation. I have troubled the Company so much already, that I dare trespass no farther upon their Patience, and shall therefore omit some other Things, which I intended to have said upon this Occasion.

You are like those People, cry'd *Misogynes*, who when they have provided all the Dainties they could get, make an Apology at the End of the Treat, for their having got no more: If I am not altogether convinced of the Goodness of your Cause, yet I am very well convinced that you have said all the Cause will bear.

Tho'

Tho' perhaps I should have no great Mercy upon you, replied *Philogynes*, yet I have too much for these Gentlemen, to detain them so long, as to hear all that I could say upon so glorious an Occasion. Should I make a Collection of what is written by the best Authors of Antiquity in their Praises; should I but refer you to what *Stobæus* has collected for them, since you mention what he has done against them; should I but transcribe what (1) *Plutarch*, (2) *Lodovicus Vives*, (3) *Speron Sperone*, the most Learned of his Countrymen, (4) *Ribera*, (5) *Hilarion de Coste*, (6) *Scuderie*, and a thousand others have said of them in Treatises written expressly in their Praises: should I but search all the Bibliothèques for a Catalogue of those who were famous for their Writings; Should I afterwards tell you of those who were remarkable for their Piety, conjugal Affection, Penitence, and Contempt of worldly Vanities; should I but repeat the Names of those

(1) *De Claris Mulier.*

(2) *De Fœminâ Christian.*

(3) *Dialoghi delle Donne.*

(4) *De la Glo. Immortelle des Dames Illustres.*

(5) *Eloges des Dames Illustres.*

(6) *Femme Heroique.*

those who have died for the Preservation of their Chastity; should I shew you a * Country even at this Day, where they cannot by any Severity hinder Women from burning themselves with the Bodies of their deceased Husbands: Should I mention the Women of † *Cios*, amongst whom for seven hundred Years there never was the least Mention of any Adultery, or Fornication; should I tell you that the first of those Sins was so little known amongst the *Spartans*, that they did not think it worth their while to make any Law against it: (Now, said my Friend, whether this were not as good an Argument of the Mens Chastity as the Womens, I leave you to judge; but really I think not, *Madam*; for besides Intrigues with their own Sex, which were common enough amongst the Men in those Eastern Countries; I do not doubt but the Men, being Men of Honour, would ask; though the Women, being Women of Honour, would deny.) Should I but give you a List of the Martyrs of that Sex, from those who suffered under *Tiberius*, to those who suffered under our own Queen *Mary*, I fancy I should make you ashamed of your *Simonides*, your *Juvenal*, and all your Satirists
put

* See *Bernier's History of Indostan*. *Tavernier's* and *Mandelslo's Travels*.

† *Plutarch de Clar. Mulieribus*.

put together. Should I after this defend them in the Virtue to which they are thought to have least Pretences, which is, Courage; should I but name those who have been famous for their warlike Atchievements; should I tell you of *Deborah*, *Penthesilæa*, *Thalestris*, *Camilla*; should I shew you a Country * of *Amazons*, even in our own Time: Should I carry you into *France*, and shew you a warlike Virgin (at least an unmarried Woman) whose Memory is still annually celebrated by one of their chiefest † Towns, and who, besides her Fame in their Chronicles, has given a Subject to one of the most famous ‡ Heroic Poems which that Nation has produced; would you not, after all, confess they might very easily be defended, even in this Point too? But I shall wave that; I am satisfied with the Care universal Custom has taken of the n; and as Seamen in a Storm, to preserve their Things of greatest Value, throw away those of less; so I am very well pleased that Mankind should be exposed to the Hazards of War, whilst the Fair Sex is preserved in Safety at Home, whose Smiles are the noblest Reward a brave Man can

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desire

* See *Acosta's History of the West-Indies*.

† *Orleans*.

‡ *La Pucelle de Monsieur Chapelain*.

desire for all the Hazards and Fatigues he has endured in a Campagne.

But it is generally agreed that all Virtues are requisite for those who govern well; and since there are some Countries where Women are excluded from the Throne, and no Country where they are not postponed, it would be convenient, methinks, to see what they do, when by Accident they are placed upon it. I shall not trouble you here with *Deborah*, nor *Esther*, nor as much as mention *Semiramis*, though you have mentioned her upon another Occasion; and yet certainly the Bravery of most of her Actions ought to make us forget the Faults of some few; but I shall confine myself within the Bounds of our own Country.

* At a Time when the *Britons* groaned under the Servitude of the *Romans*; when the King, by thinking to oblige the Emperor, gave him an Opportunity of pillaging his Country; and that their Patience under their Sufferings, was only a Means of making them more; When their Houses were robbed, their Wives and Daughters ravished, and their Sons taken away from them; then *Boadicea* arose, and by her Courage, as well as Eloquence, inspired her

* *Tacitus in Vita Agric. and from him Samsus in his Britania Illustratâ.*

her dispirited Countrymen with a Resolution of throwing off that Yoke which was grown intolerable to be born. It is true, indeed, the End was not answerable to the Successes of the Beginning; nor to the Glory so heroic an Undertaking deserved; however as it was neither Want of Courage nor Conduct in her, so we ought to render her that Veneration which is due to so resolute an Enterprize.

But as one of the greatest Attempts the Britons made for their Liberty was whilst they were led by a Woman, so we must own the greatest Glory our Nation could ever boast, was under the Government of one of the same Sex. It was in the Time of Queen *Elizabeth* that this Island arrived at that Pitch of Greatness, to which it had been ascending for several Ages, and from which it has been declining, till very lately, ever since: It is the Name of this Princess that is dearer to all *Englishmen*, than the Names of all the Monarchs since the Conquest besides, and the only one whose Birthday has been celebrated after her Death, by the voluntary Gratitude of the People.

But however we may forget Things that are past, let us not oversee that which lies before our Eyes; and since the Occasion is so very fair, I know not how we can omit the shewing our Sense of those Virtues, of

which the whole Nation has demonstrated so grateful an Acknowledgment by the Body of their Representatives; and never were they more truly their Representatives before. Yes, Sir, without going to foreign Countries, without searching the Histories of our own, we have even in our own Time, and our own Country, a Princess who has governed to their general Satisfaction, a People the most curious to pry into the Faults of their Governors, of any People under the Sun. A Princess, who though she never shewed any Fondness of Vain-glory, or Authority, yet when the Necessity of the Kingdom called her to the Helm, managed Affairs with that Dexterity, which is very rarely found in those who are the most ambitious of Command. Every Thing during that little Time of her Government, was ordered with that Courage, Conduct, and Prudence, that her greatest Friends cannot find Eloquence enough to commend, nor her greatest Enemies the least Pretences to condemn. Though she had a Husband venturing his Life in another Country, with a Bravery equal to what has made us suspect the Stories of Antiquity; tho' our Fleet, the Bulwarks of the Nation, was managed in a Manner the Courage of the *English* Seamen was utterly unacquainted with; tho' a Monarch,

Monarch, who thinks himself able to contend with all *Europe* together, seemed to make his utmost Efforts against a Princess, who had nothing but the universal Hearts of her Subjects to defend her; tho' all Christendom was in Suspence to see the Event of the Undertaking, and every little Prince had forgot his own Danger to contemplate hers; even at this Time did we see her look with all the Unconcern imaginable, and whilst every Body else was alarmed for her Safety, she only seemed to have known nothing of the Danger. Not that this Unconcern proceeded from any Ignorance of her Condition, or unreasonable Contempt of her Adversary; no, she provided against their Attempts with all the Prudence could be wished for, at the same Time that she looked upon the Danger with all the Courage in Nature.

But however great these Virtues may appear, when they are set off by the Lustre of a public Command, yet they are in Effect much greater, when they teach People to despise all such dazling Trifles. Here it is, Sir, that we have a fresh Field for Eloquence, when we see a Lady dissatisfied at that Glory which she had to every Bodies Satisfaction beside, and grudge herself that Authority, which she owed to the Absence of a Husband whom she loved so much

better than that. What think you, Sir, of that Alacrity, of that Joy with which she resigned up the Government? Does it not put you in mind of the old *Roman* Generals, who quitted their Plough to command an Army, and when the Victory was gain'd, returned with greater Content to their Plough again? This is that Wisdom which we should admire; this is that Virtue which we should adore; and we ought to despise all those little Pretenders to Business, who thrust themselves into the Management of Affairs against every Bodies Will but their own; and having neither Virtue nor Prudence enough to retire from it at the universal Murmurs of the People, are generally made Sacrifices at last to the just Resentment of an enraged Nation.

These are those blazing Comets, whose fatal Glories portend Destruction to a Government, whilst the Virtues of the others, like those of the Sun, give it Life and Heat, by their benign Influence. Much more, Sir, might be said in Defence of the Sex, which I shall purposely omit, because I am satisfied I can never conclude with a more illustrious Example.



ÆSCULAPIUS:

OR, THE
HOSPITAL of FOOLS.

Imitation of LUCIAN.

By WILLIAM WALSH, Esq.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

TAKE the Third Proclamation,
Mercury.



MERCURY.

O—Yes! O—Yes! O—Yes! Whereas
daily Complaints are made by all the World,
of the innumerable Follies of Mankind, by
reason of which they are neither happy
themselves, nor will suffer others to be so:
The great Jupiter, out of his fatherly
Compassion to Mankind, has sent Æscula-
pius to apply Medicines to them. Who-
ever therefore there is, that is troubled
with

with *Folly* of what kind *soever*, let him repair hither, and he shall be cured without any Fee.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What shou'd be the Meaning of this? Every particular Man complains of the Follies that are in the World; and when we come hither to apply Medicines to them, there is not one Man that offers himself to be cured.

MERCURY.

If I might be allowed to advise *Æsculapius* in Points relating to *Phyfic*, I would tell him there is one Thing in this Disease of *Folly*, different from all other Kind of Diseases; which is, that the Men can easily find the least Symptom of it in other People, yet there is no Man that perceives the greatest in himself. I think it therefore advisable to make Proclamation, that every Man should give Notice of what other People he knows, who are troubled with this Disease,

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Let it be as you say.

MERCURY.

O—Yes! O—Yes! O—Yes! Whoever has any Relation, Friend, or Acquaintance,

quaintance, that is troubled with *Folly* of whatever Kind, let him bring him hither, and he shall be cured without any Fee.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

See! see! What Crouds are getting together! Every Man seizes his next Neighbour, without any Deliberation at all; and they come willingly too, because every Man seems ready to accuse the other.

First MAN.

Here, Sir, I have brought you a *Fool* to be cured.

Second MAN.

Pray, Sir, take *this* first, for he is *dangerously ill*.

Third MAN.

Take Pity upon *this*, good Sir, for he has a *Complication of Folly* upon him.

MERCURY.

Pray, Gentlemen, have a little Patience: You shall be all cured, one after another.

First MAN.

Nay, for my Part, I have no Occasion for myself.

Second

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Second MAN.

How! no Occasion, Neighbour; I will,
for your own sake, you had not. For my
Part, indeed

Third MAN.

Prithce, good Neighbour, hold thy
Tongue. What, cuckolded and ben-pecked,
and pretend to be free from Polly?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, Keep the Croud off with your
Caduceus; and bring the Patients up in
Order.

MERCURY.

Stand off there, Gentlemen, and do not
press upon us so. Here, you old Fellow,
come in here with your Patient; Make
your Reverence to **Æsculapius,** and tell
him what you would have.

Old MAN.

An't please you, Sir, this young Man
is a Kinsman of mine. He came very
young to a great Estate, half of which he
has made a Shift to squander away already;
and he is in great Danger of doing so by
the

the rest in a short Time, if you do not cure him of his Folly. I have taken a great deal of Pains in advising him, but all in vain. If he could not live upon his whole Estate, I asked him how he hopes to live upon the Half? And if he spent his Estate when he was young and able to get one, what would become of him when he was old, and past getting one? But when I talk to him, he laughs at me, and that is all the Thanks I have for my Pains.

W. HERBERT, a learned Physician, and a hundred Ways
 ESCULAPIUS.

Mercury, put him in the Hospital; Care shall be taken of him.

Young Man.

I desire, Sir, that you would please to hear me first, and judge whether it is this old Man or I who have most need of your Medicines. I confess, indeed, that what he says is true. But pray consider, that I spend this Estate in pleasing myself; and were it not a great Folly to debar myself of Pleasure for the present Moment, which is all I am sure of, for fear of not having Means to enjoy them in a future Time, to which I have no Security that I shall ever arrive. But, granting, I were certain of Life, Is it not a Madness to waste all my Youth, which

is

is the only Time we are capable of Pleasure, to lay up Wealth, which we are to make Use of in an Age when we are not capable of any Pleasure at all. But this old Man, who has the Confidence to accuse me, does ten times worse. He did not only heap up Wealth all his Youth, but he continues to do so still; and though his Age, and the Infirmities of his Body give him hourly Notice that he can hardly live one Year longer, yet is he at his Usury, his Extortion, and a hundred Ways to hoard up Wealth, as if he were to live ten Thousand Years.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

A very palpable *Folly* indeed. *Mercury*, put him aside too.

Young MAN.

I did not doubt, Sir, but that I should convince you at last. I may go away now?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

How, Friend! Does that Man's being a *Fool* hinder you from being a *Fool* too. If it be a *Folly* in him to *heap* up Money that he can never probably live to *spend*; Is it not a *Folly* therefore in you to *squander* away that Money which probably you will live

live to want. Take Care, *Mercury*, that they may be both put in the Hospital.

MERCURY.

It shall be done. In the mean time here are some others.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, Gentlemen, what have you to say?

First MAN.

This, Sir, is a Friend of mine, an honest, good-natur'd Man as lives; but he has a *Wife* who makes him the greatest *Fool* in Nature; and though she abuses him in the grossest Manner imaginable, insomuch that half the Town laugh at him, yet is he himself blind to that in his own House, which any Stranger sees. Here is *one* who has been often found with *her*, and who can tell you more, if you examine him.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, Sir, and what can you say?

Second MAN.

All that I can say, Sir, is, that the Gentleman is a very worthy *Gentleman*; and his Lady a very fine *Lady*. He has often,
indeed,

indeed, bragg'd to me of the Happiness of a marry'd Life. I thought the best Way to find out this Happiness, was in going to his Lady, who has fully convinced me of all her Husband said. But as I have a perfect Friendship for the Gentleman, I must confess, Sir, I am as well satisfied with his having a fine *Wife*, as if I had *one* myself.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

He has a fine Time on't, the mean while.

HUSBAND.

I confess, Sir, I have nothing to say in Contradiction to these Gentlemen. All that the one says, and the other would insinuate, may be true for aught I know; nor do I think it much worth my While to enquire after it. Half the Town, the first says, laugh at me for being a *Cuckold*; and he would have me make it public, that the other Half might laugh at me too. But pray let us consider how much wiser he acts: He marry'd a *Wife*, who by the way is not extremely taking; and yet you cannot imagine what Care, what Contrivances, what cunning Stratagems, this wise Person made Use of to search out a Thing, which, after all, he did not care to find,

find. And though with all his Bustle he could find out nothing that really made against her, yet he has cast her off with Infamy and Shame, chiefly indeed to himself, for using a Woman ill who never gave him Occasion for it. If there be so many who laugh at me for a tame Husband, let him hearken after his own Concerns, and he will find a much greater Number who rail at him for a base and ill-natur'd one.

Now for this brisk *Monfieur* here, for this *finished* Gentleman, who can with so much Delicacy rally the poor *Fools* that marry! So very ingenious a Person, no doubt, acts much more wisely himself. Lord, how is his Estate divided? One Part upon Taylors; another upon Milliners; a third upon Perfumers; a fourth upon Perriwig-makers. All his Time spent between the Toilet, the Play-house, the Park, and Drawing-Room. And upon what noble Design, pray, is all this Time and all this Money wasted? Even, Gentlemen, that this most charming Person of his, may attain that with all this Cost which I received Twenty Thousand Pound for doing. Would his Niceness be contented with the Meat that had been tumbled, and cold upon my Trencher? Truly, Sir, his Happiness is little more than this,

this, I that am the *Fool*, come to her when I will, stay with her as long as I will, and command her as I will; while this wise Gentleman is waiting a frosty Night under her Window, breaking his Brains for Songs and Billets for her; bribing her Women, losing his Rest, and venturing the being abused, kicked down Stairs, and having his Throat cut whenever he happens to be found out.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Very great *Fools*, truly, all *Three*! Is it not strange, *Mercury*? One would think every Man wise, when we hear him talk of *other Peoples Concerns*; and yet we find them all *Fools* when we look into their own.

MERCURY.

Alas, *Æsculapius*, how should it be otherwise? when a Man is told of his *Folly*, he does not consider whether it be true, and endeavour to mend it: He only considers whether the Man who tells him of this, be not guilty of some *Folly* too; and if he find he is, as I doubt we shall find few who are not, he rests as well satisfied in laughing at him, as if he were absolutely free from all sort of *Folly* himself.

ÆSCU-

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, old Gentlewoman! What is it you have to say against that young Man?

Old Woman.

An't please you, Sir, this young Man is my Husband. He made fair Pretences to me before Marriage, but now he neglects and despises me for every other Woman. Now I appeal to you, Sir, and to all the World, whether it be not a very great Folly, for a Man to tie himself, during Life, to a Woman he does not love?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Yes, without doubt, it is. Mercury put them both up.

Old Woman.

An't please you, Sir, it is I who make the Complaint.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Very good, Mistress. And if it be a Folly in him to marry a Woman that he does not love, was it not a Folly in you to marry a Man without knowing first whether he loved you or no?

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MERCURY.

Here are several other *Wives* who complain of their *Husbands*, and *Husbands* who complain of their *Wives*.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Put them in all, without farther Deliberation. For though People may be allowed to be as critical in their Choice as they please before Marriage, yet when that is once done, it is a great *Folly* to complain.

MERCURY.

Here are a vast Quantity more of both Men and Women, brought upon Account of their Marriage.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

It were an endless Work to hear of every one who play'd the *Fool* in Marriage. To save Time, therefore, we will put up all the married People at a Venture; and if there be any one who can give us satisfactory Reasons, to prove that he did not play the *Fool* in it, we will let him out again.

HUSBAND.

No, Sir, I will not go in: No one can say I committed any *Folly* in marrying.

ÆSCU-

ÆSCULAPIUS.

How, Friend, marry and commit no *Folly*! What Wife have you, pray?

HUSBAND.

One who has Wit, Beauty, Virtue, Riches, and is of a very considerable Family.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

It is very much to be suspected that thou art guilty of *Folly* in having this Opinion of her. A Woman with Wit and Beauty, marry an odd disagreeable Fellow, and not cuckold him! However, Friend, if it be so, you may go away, but be sure you send your *Wife* in your Place.

HUSBAND.

Do you reckon it a *Folly* then in a Woman not to cuckold her Husband?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

No, Friend, we do not tell you so. But when a Woman who finds by her Constitution that she shall make any Husband a Cuckold, takes one who is very fit for that Purpose, there are some wicked People who think she does as wisely as a Woman

in her Circumstances could. But when a Woman marries a Man who is fit for no other Use than to make a Cuckold of, without a Design of putting him to any Use, that that Woman commits a *Folly*, there was never any one yet could doubt.

MERCURY.

But see what vast Crouds are waiting for Audience; and with how much Eagerness are they set upon discovering the *Follies* of one another? It is impossible for us to hear all the particular *Follies* of which particular Men are guilty. It seems to me therefore by very much the easiest Way, to pick out the wise Men first, and when we have done that, we may apply general Medicines to the rest, without enquiring farther into their particular Distempers. Make Proclamation therefore, *Mercury*, that People may no longer trouble themselves with bringing the *Fools* of their Acquaintance, but henceforward let them bring none but the *Wise Men*.

MERCURY.

Alas, *Æsculapius*! Art thou no better acquainted with the Nature of Mankind than this? Believe me, if we stay here till one Man accuses another of being wise, we may

may stay till the End of the World. No, *Æsculapius*, no: In searching the *Follies* of Mankind, it was necessary to have an Account of them from others, and not from themselves: But if you would search for *Wise Men*, you must not ask Mens Opinion of one another, but take what every Man thinks of himself.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Thou art better acquainted with the Humours of Mankind than I am; do therefore as thou wilt.

MERCURY.

O——Yes! O——Yes! O——Yes!
Let all those that are *Wise* range themselves upon the Right Hand, and distinguish themselves from the rest.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What is the Meaning of this? Every Man places himself on the Right Side, but one; and they jostle one another for Room with the greatest Violence imaginable! Here you Sir, What are you, pray, who appear so very confidently in the very Head of the *Wise*.

P O E T.

Who I, Sir? I am a *Poet*.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well; and pray, Mr. *Poet*, what Pre-
tence have you to place yourself so con-
fidently before all the rest?

P O E T.

Can *Æsculapius* know I am a *Poet*, and
ask that Question? As much as a Man is
above a Beast, so much is a *Poet* above
another Man. It is we who converse with
the Gods, and despise the rest of Mankind.
It is we who elevate ourselves above the
transitory Things that the Vulgar are fond
of; who despise Riches, Glory and Ho-
nour, and seek for nothing but Fame and
Immortality.

*When conq'ring Death shall ravish from their Eyes,
Those trifling Glories that the Vulgar prize:
When Crowns shall fall; when Empires shall be lost;
And all that's mortal be dissolv'd to Dust:
Then shall I live immortal in my Fame,
And future Ages shall extol my Name.*

S T A T E S-

* In several Places of Mr. *Pope's* Works, it will be found,
that he has a most ardent Thirst after Immortality.

STATESMAN.

I think there is no great Need of convincing *Æsculapius*, how little that Man deserves the Title of Wise, since he himself has been pleased to prove it sufficiently already. I will not say any Thing to the Man himself, or enquire what Pretences he has to the Title of a Poet; but taking it for granted that he is as good as he fancies himself, yet can any Thing be so ridiculous as the very Design he proposes. He does not pretend that Poetry makes People happy in this World, because we very plainly see the contrary; but he pleases himself with a vain Reversion of imaginary Honours that he is never to enjoy till he himself is insensible of them. It will be a very great Satisfaction, doubtless, to a Man when he is in the Grave, to think his Verses run as smoothly as ever; and one must be an Infidel to doubt but that the Author of a fine Poem will be extremely considered in the other World.

I do not say this out of any Malice to the Profession of a Poet, nor would I pretend to take a Title from them, though they do not deserve it, but in order to shew you those who do. Do you ask me then who it is that deserves the Title of a *Wise*

Q4

Man?

Man? Whom should I answer, but him who knows how to govern the *State*. If particular Persons of a Community think they have any Title to Wisdom, how much more must they allow that Title to those who are capable of governing the Community? It is they, certainly, who can move Assemblies, who can advise Kings, who can govern Commonwealths, that deserve the Title of the *Wise*. How considerable a Figure does such a Man make in a Government? How much is he followed and carested? What Advantages does he get to himself and Family? And how much is he flattered and adored by these very *Poets* who would vainly arrogate the Title of *Wise* to themselves? *

S T O I C.

Though I am of a Profession that do not trouble themselves with the Trifles of the World, yet I cannot, I confess, be pleased to see People take a Title to themselves, to which they have not the least Pretence. I might observe here, that considering how Kings are for the most part advised, and Commonwealths governed, a Man has no great Reason to boast of his having a Hand in either. But I shall wave all that as to
my

* Such has been the *quondam* Advice of Mr. POPE's *Lelius*, alias *Saint John*, alias *The Examiner*.

my Particular, and speak to the Employment of a *Statesman* in general. Is there then any Thing so ridiculous as for a Man to propose the making himself Great, as the End of all his Actions? The only End a Wise Man proposes, is the making himself happy; how ridiculous then must he appear, who makes himself miserable, in order to make himself Great? Who seeks the Contempt of the Wise, that he may get the Admiration of Fools? Who leads a false dissembling Life; fawning upon those who treat him insolently, and treating those insolently who fawn upon him? Who values himself upon the bearing other Peoples Burdens, for which the only Thanks he gets, is Envy, or Contempt: Envy if he succeed, and Contempt if he fail? Should a Man, who came late to an Inn, instead of taking the Rest that was requisite to refresh him for the next Day's Journey, enter into Cabals, form Designs, and manage Intrigues to get the best Room in the House, which would make him very uneasy if he fail'd of it; and from which, tho' he succeeded, he must necessarily depart the next Morning; would not this Man appear ridiculously foolish, and contemptible to all the World? And when we see a Man in a World from which he must necessarily depart in a very short Space of Time, instead of preparing himself

himself for what is to follow, waste all that little Time in senseless Cabals, in vain Designs, and in ridiculous Intrigues, to make himself Great and Powerful; which, if he do not attain it, makes him uneasy; and which, if he do, he must leave immediately again: Is not this Man ten Times more ridiculous, and more foolish than the other? The Man who by his Folly loses his Rest one Night, will without doubt grow wiser, and take a double Share of Rest the next: But, alas! in the other Case, it is quite different; there is no second Opportunity of correcting the first; and he who has spent *one* Life foolishly, will never be trusted with *another* to employ better.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Wisely urged, O incomparable *Stoic*! The Folly of this sort of Men is very palpable; and you, certainly, who can so sagely find out their Infirmities, can easily discover to us the Men who are subject to no Infirmities at all.

STOIC.

You judge right, divine *Æsculapius*! it is among us, and only us, that you must expect to find a real Wise Man. And our Leaders have taught us, upon a due Consideration

sideration of the World, to pronounce all Men Mad beside. 'Tis true, their Extravagance does not appear, perhaps, to the Vulgar; but as in a Mad-house, one of the Patients does not perceive *that* Madness in his Companion, which is presently found out by a sober Stander-by: So in this *universal* Madness which possesses the World in general, tho' they do not discover it in one another, yet it is at first Sight apparent to the Eyes of the Sage. Do you ask me then, who is this Wise Man that I have mentioned? It is he who places not his Felicity in his Beauty, his Wealth, or his Learning; who desires no Pleasure, who fears no Pain: Whom the Frowns of Fortune cannot deject, nor her Smiles exalt: Who is happy in Prisons, in Banishments, in Torments: Who, if he were broiling in *Phalaris's BULL*, would cry out, *How pleasant is this!* It matters not how many Arrows Fortune aims at him, since he is impenetrable to them all. As there are some Stones so hard, that the Iron cannot touch; as Diamonds can neither be cut nor broken, but resist the strongest Force; as Rocks in the Sea break the Fury of the Waves, and, beaten upon so many Ages, retain no Marks of its Rage; so is the Soul of a Wise Man, solid and firm; and has collected so much Strength, that it remains as safe from all Injuries,

Injuries, as any of the Things I mentioned, But what will you say; is there no one then who will attempt the injuring a Wise Man? Yes, they will attempt it, but they cannot perform it: He is elevated so much above the Vulgar, that none of their ill Designs can arrive at him. When that foolish King darkened the Day with his Arrows, there was not one of them which reached the Sun; when the Chains were cast into the Sea, they could not bind the Waves; and those who destroy the Temples, do no Injury to the Divinity: In like Manner, whatever is done proudly, maliciously, or insolently, against a Wise Man, (who is in nothing different from a God, but in Point of Time) is but attempted in vain.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

O sage! O wonderful! O incomparable *Stoic*! This, this is a Wise Man indeed! Is it possible that People can continue Slaves to their *Follies*, when Wisdom proposes such sublime, such noble Rewards to her *Followers*? But descend a little from this high Region, in which you are placed; conform yourself to the Weaknesses of others; and convince their Stupidity by living Examples of this high Pitch of Wisdom you have so nobly described to them. But what
is

is the Matter with that Man to laugh so? You, there, who *stand by yourself* on the *left Side*, while all the rest are gotten upon the *right*.

M A N, solus.

Alas! Sir, who can forbear laughing, to see Men hope by their Pride and Vanity, to exempt themselves from those Infirmities, to which all Mankind are naturally subject? This sage, this wonderful, this incomparable *Stoic*, after all his noble and high-flown Similies, is neither so hard as a Diamond, so firm as a Rock, nor so elevated as the Sun. This mighty Man, who would laugh in *Phalaris's BULL*, yet is liable to Pain and Anguish, as well as the meanest of the People; the most vulgar Weapon shall hurt him; and the most ordinary Strength shall reach him. This contemplative Person, who has found out the *Follies* of *all* Mankind, has *one* of his *own* that he does not see, ten Times more extravagant than any of *theirs*: Since there is no Folly, sure, so extravagant, as for *one* who labours under all the Frailties, and Weaknesses, and Infirmities of *Mankind*, to think himself in any wise comparable to the Perfection of a *God*.

Æ S C U.

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ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, Friend, what are you then, who dare accuse the *Stoics* of Folly, who accuse all the World beside?

MAN.

Alas! Sir, I am a *Fool* too, and am so well convinced of it, that you see I keep by my self on the *Left Side*, when all the rest go to the *Right*; and were I not convinced my self, I have given sufficient Reason to convince any one else, by troubling myself with correcting the *Follies* of others, while I have so many *Follies* of my own that are uncorrected still.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What are become of all the Wise Men then; are there none left?

MAN.

If you take every Man's Opinion of himself, never were there so many; if you take their Opinions of one another, never were there so few.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Are all Men then alike?

MAN.

MAN.

No, there are some who are called *Wise*, and some who are called *Fools*; not but that the wisest Man has a sufficient Stock of Folly too. But the best Method I can propose to distinguish Mankind, is by calling those Men *Wise*, who know themselves to be *Fools*; and those Men *Fools*, who think themselves to be *Wise*.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, thou art a swift Messenger, haste away to *Jupiter*, inform him of what we have done, and know his further Pleasure in the Matter: You may tell him, that upon a full Survey of Mankind it appears, that every one has such a *sufficient Share of Folly*, that he has no Reason at all to complain of his Neighbours having more. That in Answer to those who think their Folly obstructs their Happiness, it is very plain, that the Happiness of Mankind is so complicated with this Folly, that it is impossible to cure them of the one, without endangering the other too. Should we convince the *Fool* who squanders away his Money, that he might live to want it; should we convince the *Fool* who heaps up Treasure, that in a little Time he must die, and have
all

all his Treasure taken from him; should we convince the *Husband*, who places his Happiness in his Wife and Children, that the one cuckolds him, and the other are none of his; should we convince the *Man* who does Things to be eternally famous, that after Death he will have no Sense of Fame, or of whatever is said of him; we should make them all miserable and wretched. On the other Side, by taking away their Folly, we shou'd take away one of the most useful Qualities in the World, since it is very evident, that Mankind live upon the Follies of one another. Were there not *Fools* who sell Estates, what would become of the *Fools* who buy them? Were there not *Fools* who marry, human Kind would come to an End. Were there not *Fools* of Business, how would the *Fools* that meddle with no Business be managed? Were there not fighting *Fools*, who would protect the *Fools*, that would not fight, from Oppression? And were there not *Writing Fools*, what would the *Reading Fools* do for a Diversion? So that upon the whole Matter I think we had even as good leave the World as we find it. However, if he thinks there ought to be somewhat done in this Matter, after having made so much Noise about it; the most general Folly in Men being that of shewing Severity to other Peoples

People's Faults, while they neglect those they commit Themselves; He may order a solemn *Proclamation* to be made, *That no Man shall have the Privilege of censuring the Follies of Other People, till he can bring a Certificate, under the Hands of Three judicious Neighbours, that he has none at all of his Own.*



People's Folly, while they neglect those
they commit themselves; the way order a
Solomon's Testament to be made; That no
Man shall have the privilege of confining
the Folly of Other People; till he can
bring a Certificate, under the Hands of
Three judicious Neighbours, that he has
none of all of his Own.





LETTERS

AND

POEMS,

AMOROUS

AND

GALLANT,

By WILLIAM WALSH, Esq;



W. Musgrave.

LETTERS

AND

POEMS

AMOROUS

AND

GALLANT.

BY WILLIAM WATTS.

LONDON: Printed by J. B. G. 1783.



P R E F A C E.



IT has been so usual among modern Authors to write Prefaces; that a Man is thought rude to his Reader, who does not give him some Account before hand of what he is to expect in the Book. That which may make somewhat of this kind more necessary in my Case, than others is, That a great part of this Collection consists of Familiar Letters, which sort of Writing some Learned Persons among us have thought unfit to be published. It must be confessed indeed, that a great Beauty of Letters does often consist in little Passages of private Conversation, and References to particular Matters, that can be understood by none but those to whom they are written: But to draw a general Conclusion from thence, That familiar Letters can please none, but those very Persons, is to conclude against the common Experience of all the World; since besides the great Applauses have been given the Letters of *Cicero* and *Pliny* among the *Romans*; we see no Book has been better received among the *Spaniards*, than the Letters

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of *Gaevaré*; or, among the *French*, than those of *Voiture* and *Balsac*: Not to mention the *Italians*, among whom there has been hardly any considerable Man, who has not published Letters with good Success. What may have contributed very much to the kind Reception these things have met, is, that there is no sort of Writing so necessary for People to understand as this: A Man may have a great deal of Wit, without being able to write Verses, or make Harangues; and may live in very good Repute, without having occasion of doing either. But a Man can hardly live in the World, without being able to write Letters. There is no State of Life in which a Faculty of that kind is not requisite; and there are few Days pass, in which a Man has not occasion to make use of it.

The Stile of Letters ought to be free, easy and natural: As near approaching to Familiar Conversation as possible. The two best Qualities in Conversation, are good Humour and good Breeding; those Letters are therefore certainly the best that shew the most of those two Qualities. There are some Men so furly, so ill-natured, and so ill-bred, that tho' we can hardly deny them to have Wit, yet we can say, at least, that we are sorry they have it. And indeed, as their Wit is troublesome to other People, so I can hardly imagine of what great Use it can be to themselves. For if the End of Wit be not to render one's self agreeable, I shall scarce envy them any other Use they can make of it.

The

P R E F A C E

v

The Second Part of this Collection consists of Amorous Verses. Those who are conversant with the Writings of the Ancients, will observe a great Difference between what they and the Moderns have published upon this Subject. The Occasions upon which the Poems of the former are written; are such as happen to every Man almost that is in Love; and the Thoughts such as are natural for every Man in Love to think. The Moderns, on the other hand, have sought out for Occasions, that none meet with but themselves; and fill their Verses with Thoughts that are surprizing and glittering, but not tender, passionate, or natural, to a Man in Love.

To judge which of these two are in the right, we ought to consider the End that People propose in writing Love-Verses: And that I take not to be the getting Fame or Admiration from the World, but the obtaining the Love of their Mistress; and the best Way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced Conceits, far fetched Similes, and shining Points; but by a true and lively Representation of the Pains and Thoughts attending such a Passion.

*Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.*

I would as soon believe a Widow in great Grief for her Husband, because I saw her dance a *Corant* about his Coffin, as believe a Man in Love with his Mistress for his writing such Verses, as some great Modern Wits have done upon theirs.

I am satisfied that *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and *Ovid*, were in love with their Mistresses, while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe *Petrarch* in Love with his, when he writes Conceits upon her Name, her Gloves, and the Place of her Birth. I know it is natural for a Lover in Transports of Jealousy to treat his Mistress with all the Violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a Man, who is much in Love, to amuse himself with such Trifles as the other. I am pleased with *Tibullus*, when he says, *he could live in a Desert with his Mistress, where never any Human Footsteps appeared*; because I doubt not but he really thinks what he says; but I confess I can hardly forbear laughing when *Petrarch* tells us, *he could live without any other Sustenance than his Mistress's Looks*. I can very easily believe a Man may love a Woman so well, as to desire no Company but hers; but I can never believe a Man can love a Woman so well, as to have no need of Meat and Drink, if he may look upon her. The first is a Thought so natural for a Lover, that there is no Man really in Love, but thinks the same thing;

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thing; the *other* is not the Thought of a *Man* in *Love*, but of a *Man* who would impose upon us with a *pretended Love* (and that indeed very grossly too) while he had really *none at all*.

It would be endless to pursue this Point; and any *Man*, who will but give himself the Trouble to compare what the *Ancients* and *Moderns* have said upon the same Occasions, will soon perceive the Advantage the *former* have over the *others*. I have chosen to mention *Petrarch* only, as being, by much, the most famous of all the *Moderns* who have written *Love-Verses*: And it is, indeed, the great Reputation which he has gotten, that has given Encouragement to this false sort of Wit in the World: For People seeing the great Credit he had, and has, indeed, to this Day, not only in *Italy*, but over all *Europe*, have satisfied themselves with the Imitation of him, never enquiring whether the Way he took was the right or not.

There are no *Modern Writers* perhaps who have succeeded better in *Love-Verses* than the *English*; and it is indeed just, that the fairest *Ladies* should inspire the best *Poets*. Never was there a more copious Fancy, or greater reach of Wit, than what appears in *Dr. Donne*; nothing can be more gallant or genteel than the Poems of *Mr. Waller*; nothing more gay or sprightly than those of *Sir John Suckling*; and nothing fuller of Variety and Learning than *Mr. Cowley's*. However, it may be observed,

that among all these, *that Softness, Tender-
ness, and Violence of Passion, which the An-
cients thought most proper for Love-Verses, is
wanting; and at the same time that we must al-
low Dr. Donne to have been a very great Wit;
Mr. Waller a very gallant Writer; Sir John
Suckling a very gay one, and Mr. Cowley a
great Genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy
any one of them to have been a very great
Lover. And it grieves me that the Ancients,
who could never have handsomer Women,
than we have, should nevertheless be so much
more in Love than we are. But it is proba-
ble, the great Reason of this may be the Cru-
elty of our Ladies; for a Man must be im-
prudent indeed to let his Passion take very
deep root, when he has no Reason to expect
any sort of Return to it. And if it be so,
there ought to be a Petition made to the Fair,
that they would be pleased sometimes to abate
a little of their Rigour for the Propagation of
good Verse. I do not mean, that they should
confer their Favours upon none but Men of
Wit: That would be too great a Confine-
ment indeed: But that they would admit them
upon the same Foot with other People; and
if they please now and then to make the Ex-
periment, I fancy they will find Entertain-
ment enough from the very Variety of it.*

There are three sorts of Poems that are
proper for Love: *Pastorals, Elegies, and
Lyric Verses*, under which last I comprehend
all *Songs, Odes, Sonnets, Madrigals and
Stanzas,*

Stanzas. Of all these, *Pastoral* is the lowest, and upon that account perhaps most proper for Love; since it is the Nature of that Passion to render the Soul soft and humble, These three sorts of Poems ought to differ, not only in their Numbers, but in the Designs, and in every Thought of them, Tho' we have no Difference between the Verses of *Pastoral* and *Elegy* in the Modern Languages, yet the Numbers of the first ought to be looser, and not so sonorous, as the other; the Thoughts more simple, more easie, and more humble, The Design ought to be the representing the Life of a Shepherd, not only by talking of Sheep and Fields, but by shewing us the Truth, Sincerity and Innocence that accompanies that sort of Life. For tho' I know our Masters, *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, have not always conformed in this Point of Innocence; *Theocritus* in his *Daphnis*, having made his Love too wanton, and *Virgil* in his *Alexis*, placed his Passion upon a Boy; yet (if we may be allowed to *censure* those whom we must always *reverence*) I take both those things to be Faults in their Poems, and should have been better pleased with the *Alexis*, if it had been made to a Woman; and with the *Daphnis*, if he had made his Shepherds more modest. When I give Humility and Modesty as the Character of *Pastoral*, it is not, however, but that a Shepherd may be allowed to boast of his Pipe, his Songs, his Flocks, and to shew a Contempt of his Rival, as we see both *Theocritus* and *Virgil* do.

But

* P R E F A C E.

But this must be still in such a manner, as if the Occasion offered itself, and was not sought, and proceeded rather from the Violence of the Shepherd's Passion, than any natural Pride or Malice in him.

There ought to be the same Difference observ'd between *Pastorals* and *Eligies*, as between the Life of the Country and the Court. In the first, Love ought to be represented as among Shepherds, in the other as among Gentlemen. They ought to be smooth, clear, tender and passionate. The Thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated than in *Pastoral*. The Passions they represent, either more Gallant or more Violent, and less innocent than the others. The Subjects of them, Prayers, Praises, Expostulations, Quarrels, Reconcilements, Threatnings, Jealousies, and, in fine, all the natural Effects of Love,

Lyrics may be allowed to handle all the same Subjects with *Elegy*; but to do it however in a different manner. An *Elegy* ought to be so entirely *one thing*, and every Verse ought so to depend upon the *other*, that they should not be able to subsist *alone*: Or, to make use of the Words of a * great Modern Critic, there must be

— a just Coherence made
Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid
So right, that every Step may higher rise,
Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the Skies,
Lyrics,

* My Lord Mulgrave.

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Lyrics, on the other hand, tho' they ought to make one Body as well as *Elegy*, yet may consist of Parts that are intire of themselves. It being a Rule in Modern Languages, that every *Stanza* ought to make up a compleat Sense, without running into the other. Frequent Sentences, which are accounted Faults in *Elegies*, are Beauties here. Besides this, *Malberb*, and the *French* Poets after him, have made it a Rule in the *Scanzas* of Six Lines, to make a Pause at the third; and in those of Ten Lines, at the Third and the Seventh. And it must be confessed, that this Exactness renders them much more Musical and Harmonious; tho' they have not always been so Religious in observing the latter Rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very foolish Design: Those who are Criticks, it would be a Presumption in me to pretend I could instruct, those who are not, at the same time I write myself, is (if I may be allowed to apply another Man's Simile) like *selling Arms to an Enemy in time of War*. Though there ought, perhaps, to be more Indulgence shewn to things of Love and Gallantry, than any others; because they are generally written when People are young, and intended for Ladies who are not supposed to be very old; and all young People, especially of the Fair Sex, are more taken with the Liveliness of Fancy, than the Correctness of Judgment. It may be also observed, that to write of Love

well

well, a Man must be really in Love ; and to correct his Writings well, he must be out of Love again. I am well enough satisfied, I may be in Circumstances of writing of Love ; but I am almost in Despair of ever being in Circumstances of correcting it. This I hope may be a Reason for the Fair and the Young, to pass over some of the Faults ; and as for the Grave and Wise, all the Favour I shall beg of them is, that they would not read them ; Things of this Nature are calculated only for the former. If Love-Verses work upon the Ladies, a Man will not trouble himself with what the Criticks say of them ; and if they do not, all the Commendations the Criticks can give him, will make but very little amends. All I shall say for these Trifles is, That I pretend not to vie with any Man whatsoever. I doubt not but there are several now living, who are able to write better upon all Subjects, than I am upon any one : But I will take the Boldness to say, *That there is no One Man among them All who shall be readier to acknowledge his Own Faults, or to do Justice to the Merits of Other People.*

St. James's
1692.





LETTERS

Amorous and Gallant.

LETTER I.

To TWO Masques.



HO' I cannot boast much of Particularity to the Person I love, yet as to the Love it self, I may safely say, It is one of the most particular under the Sun. Others think it enough to fall in Love with a Lady, after having seen her. I am in Love with *two*, without having ever seen *either* : Not that I would willingly admit *two* Tyrants into my Heart ; but tho' *one* of you may perhaps be Monarch there, yet neither you nor I knowing which it is, the Matter must rest in doubt till another Opportunity. For he who condemned *Paris* as too bold a Man, in daring to judge of the *three* Goddesses

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desires Beauties, when he saw them *naked*; would have thought me a bold one indeed, if I should pretend to make a Judgment between *two Ladies in Masques*. Consider a little under what Difficulty you make me labour: If I should commend the Colour of your Hair, and it was all the while deep red; the Smoothness and Delicacy of your Skins, when they were rough and tawney; the Finess of your Shapes, while you were stuck up within Iron Bodice; the Brightness of your Eyes, and they should prove bleared and squinting: Do but imagine when I had done this, what sort of an Effect it would have upon you. Whatever Inconveniencies of this Nature happen, it is your own Faults; for my part I leave this encountering with Hel-mets over their Faces, to Sir *Amadis* * and his Knights Errant; the way of Duelling is altered, People do not only encounter bare-faced; but strip when they go to it. As for this Way, I can assure you, I find it not in the least fair; and had rather be in Love with the most hard-hearted Beauty living, than continue in this uncertain State, and neither know *what* I love, *why* I love, nor *whether* I love, or *no*. Take pity, Ladies, upon a Lover in Distress; clear the Business to me, and let me know if I am in good earnest, when I profess myself

Your most passionate Admirer:

* Alluding to a very old French Romance called *Amadis de Gant*.

L E T

L E T T E R II.

To ONE of the FORMER.

IT is by *Faith* alone that I fancy you the most Charming, but I find by *Experience* you are one of the most unreasonable Ladies under the Sun. I concluded I had done the boldest Action in the World, to declare a Passion to *two* Masques; but you, Madam, set up a Title of your own, and are not satisfied without Particularity, and Constancy. Your Charms, I confess, Madam, as far as I saw of them, are very great: The Masque was very good *Genoa* Velvet; the Gloves very good *Blois* Gloves, and the Hackney-Coach, for aught I know, lined with very good green Plush. Now, Madam, though so far I do stedfastly *believe*, yet to fall constantly and particularly in Love with Masques, Gloves, or Hackney-Coaches, is what I do not find a Precedent for, in any of the *French* Romances; and being naturally diffident of myself, I should be loth to begin a new sort of Gallantry, without knowing how it would take. Consider, Madam, a little better upon the Reasonableness of your Request; for Particularity and Constancy are very hardly to be answered for, at our Years*. It is, I doubt not, Madam, in your Power to blow my Love up to that Height whenever you please; and to confess a Truth to you, I have

* The Author's Age about 32.

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a very great Stock of Particularity and Constancy lying upon my Hands at this Time, and know not how to apply it. I have all the Reason in the World to imagine it is kept for you ; but however, Madam, it would be necessary to have one View of you, before I can be positive in that Point. I am satisfied in my Conscience that I have done all my Duty in the Thing ; let it lye at your Door if the Humour break off ; for my part I cannot imagine how you will be able to answer it to all the World, if you should, for want of discovering yourself, lose the most constant and most faithful Lover under the Sun.



L E T T E R III.

To the SAME.

Constancy and Fidelity are, without doubt, great Virtues, though not always great Charms in a Mistress ; but as to your *Invisibility*, it is a Quality that does not please me at all. I grant you, Madam, it is a pretty Aëreal sort of Beauty, and may do very well for Spiritual Lovers ; but for me, Madam, who am a little embarrassed with Matter, and who generally carry a Body of Six Foot long about with me, it would be convenient to have some more Corporeal Accomplishments. Descend, Madam, in this Case, to your Lover's

ver's Capacity, and make use of his *Senses* to represent you as Charming; as without doubt you are, to his *Imagination*. For tho' I must confess *Fancy* has been very kind to you in this Point, yet it would be convenient to call in the Help of the *Eyes* to strengthen the *Evidence*: I expect therefore from your next Letter, an Appointment where I may meet you in a *visible* manner. These are the only Terms upon which I can treat any farther with you; for though you write the most agreeably in the World, yet you must certainly own, that after having been monstrously in *Love* for a whole Week together, it is very reasonable a Man should know at last with *whom* it is.



LETTER IV.

To the same.

YES really, Madam, I think you are in the right of it; Hanging and Drowning are such vulgar Ways of dying, that for my part I would rather live a thousand Years, than make use of either. Then, Madam, they are the most inconvenient Methods in the World; Drowning will spoil your Cloaths, and Hanging your Complexion; besides several other things that might be said to dissuade you from it, but that I know a Word to the

B

Wife

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Wife is enough. I am of Opinion you had better defer all sort of dying till another Opportunity, though you are positive in it; I would rather recommend Mr. Boyle's Air-Pump as a newer Invention; or being poisoned in Perfumes, is somewhat that looks pleasant enough. But to be less serious, Madam, make no doubt of your own Perfections, and reckon that in having me, you have the most reasonable Lover, of an unreasonable Lover, in the World. I confess, were I to form a Beauty to myself, — she should be — let me consider a little upon it; she should be — I protest, Madam, I know not what she should be: Monstrously in Love with me, that is certain; for the rest, I should trust the Stars. I think I may say, without Flattery, I love my self so well, that I can love any body else that does so too; and should prefer that single Beauty, of an immoderate Passion for me in a Mistress, to all the other Charms in the World, as Bayes does the single beating of Armies in his Heroe, to all the Moral Virtues put together. If you can answer for the Charm, Madam, take no Care for any other; he must be unreasonable indeed, who is not satisfied with That, in a Lady of Sixteen.



L E T T E R V.

To the Fair Unbeliever.

ST. *Jerome* says, (St. *Jerome*, I must confess, is a very odd Beginning of a *Billet doux*) That a Man who can with Patience suffer himself to be called Heretick, ought not to be esteemed a good Christian; And in common Account you see, one who is called Coward, if he does not resent the Affront, shall always be thought such. As my Provocations are much greater than either of these, so if my Indignation were answerable to them; you could not expect to be forgiven by me, even in the Article of Death: For after all People can say of Hereticks and Cowards, they will allow them to be Men; but by your Reflections upon me, you would degrade me from that Rank, without allowing me any Place among the inferiour Creatures. Had you called me Brute or Beast, I had not been so zealous in my own Justification: Daily Experience convinces us, That Men who have no more Understanding than Horses, or Mules, provided they have all the other Qualifications of those noble Animals, may be acceptable enough to some or other of the Fair Sex; but want of Virility is an Imputation that will cut a Man off from all sort of Communication with them. Had the Husbands or Old Women had this Opinion of me, I should not have been so violent in

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my own Defence. Scandals, as well as Oaths, ought to be taken in the Sense of those that impose them : I should not be angry at a *Turk*, or a *Jew*, for thinking me of their Religion ; because, whatever I thought, it was what made them like me the better ; but this would be no Reason to make me forgive a Christian for calling me so. In like manner, Madam, though I could have pardoned the Husbands and Old Women for saying such a Thing of me, yet I can very hardly pardon you for it. It were in vain to call Witnesses in this Case, or turn you over to another Hand for Satisfaction in that Point, which can only properly be resolved by my self ; and it were as vain to think to clear myself by Words from an Imputation that ought to be done by Actions ; I shall therefore only challenge you to meet me at your own Place and Time ; where I doubt not to give you full Satisfaction in this Point, and convince you that I am not the Man (or rather indeed the no-Man) that you take me to be. In the mean time I shall remain your most Humble, (a Curse on that Humble) but I mean,

Madam,

*Your most affectionate and passionate
Lover and Servant.*



L E T T E R VI.

To the same.

I Have been waiting these three Months to tell you a thing that may be said in three Words; it is, *I love you.* I will grant you, Madam, that this is no necessary Reason why you should love me again; but you must grant me in Recompence, That it is a very sufficient Reason why I should tell you of it. I do not expect you should write me a Letter in return to this, and therefore venture it without a Name: It is from your Eyes alone, I shall attend my Answer. But, Madam, that we may not mistake one another in this Point, and that I may not take for an Encouragement of my Passion, what you intend for a Discouragement of it; I must tell you, That if you do not look upon me after this, I shall believe you are in Love, and that makes you bashful: If you look angrily, I shall think it is to give me occasion to come and justify my self; and if you look negligently, I shall conclude it is Management to disguise the Armour from the World: In fine, Madam, I shall take nothing for a Refusal of my Heart, but looking very kindly upon me. But that you may not be mistaken in the Person who sends this, and imagine it to come from some Lord with a Blue Garter, or White Staff, it comes from a Commoner without either: I will describe my self so, as you may know me well enough to encourage my Passion, if you like

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it, but not so as to make a Trophy of me, if you do not. My Stature is somewhat above the ordinary; my Body neither very large, nor very small; my Hair light; my Eyes dark; and Love has not as yet made me either very lean, or very pale: My Humour is the most commodious for a Lover in the World, not so much inclined to Hanging or Drowning, perhaps, as some others; but for Passion and Constancy, no Man goes beyond me. If you will accept of a Heart with all these Qualifications, I offer you mine; if not, send it me back by the Penny-Post, if you know me by any other Title than that of
Your most humble Servant.



L E T T E R VII.

To the same.

I Grant you, Madam, there are others who will love you as much as I; but are there any who will love you as little? Yes, Madam, I understand very well what I say, will they Love you as little; for that is the only Difficulty you have to apprehend. There is no Question, but a Man who is possessed of the most charming Creature in the Universe, will be constant to her as long as she pleases; but it is a great Question, if he will part with her as soon as she pleases. This is the Rock upon

on which those Ladies split, who will admit of none but constant Lovers; not considering that the Women are as changeable as the Men can be for the Lives of them; and consider, pray, into what pretty Circumstances a Lady brings herself, who is plagued with an obstinate Old Lover, when she is passionately in Love with a New one. I know not what those Crimes are, the Lady you tell me lays to my Charge, but I fancy an importunate Perseverance in Love of the same Woman, is not one of the Number: And whenever you please to make the Experiment, as the least Sign in the World is sufficient after these Preliminaries, to make me a most passionate Lover; so the least Sign you give me afterwards of any New Amour, shall make me lay aside that Title, for the less ambitious one of

Your most humble Servant.



LETTER VIII.

To a Lady who had spoken against him.

THERE may have been other Men, perhaps, besides my self, who have fallen in Love with a Woman they did not know; but for a Man to do it for no other reason than her declaring against him, is, I believe, an Honour that has been reserved for your humble Servant. They tell me, Madam, you

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are so far from liking me your self, that you will not believe any body else can: That you find nothing agreeable in my Person, from the Crown of my Head, to the Sole of my Foot: That for my Wit, (for every body, Madam, carries somewhat about them which they call Wit) it is all Affectation: That I am an Abstract of Vanity: That I am so much in Love with my self, that it is impossible for me to be so with any body else. These things, Madam, that might have put some People into Anger, have put me into Love: For as those who are naturally peevish, will be angry at People, let them endeavour ever so much to please them; so we, who are naturally Amorous, cannot avoid being in Love with a Lady, let her take ever so much Pains to anger us. And indeed, Madam, did People ground their Passion upon Reason, you have given me one of the most reasonable Causes to love you in the World: For as there is no Man of Wit but knows himself to be a Fool, so he ought to have an Opinion of their Judgments, who find it out as well as himself. It is reported as an Instance of the Bravery of the *Amazons*, That they would never Marry a Man, till they had fought with him first; and if he beat them very much, he might expect to be loved very much by them. Now I, Madam, who profess as great a Veneration for Wit, as the *Amazons* had for Courage, cannot have so good a Reason for Love, as your having exercised your Wit upon me: Tho it is possible you may attribute my Passion to another Cause, and as
you

you think I love nothing besides my self, may have some kindness for you, because you are never like to be my Rival: However, assure your self, Madam, it is no such thing, but knowing the worst you can say of me to be true, and having a natural Affection for Truth, Wit, and Women, (you will think a Man a very general Lover, that can love Truth, Wit, and Women, at the same time) I must needs be infinitely in Love with you, in whom I find them all together. Be not however deluded into a better Opinion of me, by what any Body can say; for as it is only your Hating me that makes me Love you, as soon as that ceases, I am afraid my Love will do so too. As you therefore value my Kindness, take heed of having any for me; and satisfy your self, That as long as you continue to think me a silly, idle, conceited Fop, I shall continue to be, with all the Passion imaginable,

M A D A M,

Yours, &c.



L E T T E R IX.

To a Masqu'd Lady.

TH O I doubt not, Madam, but you have made the most considerable Conquests under the Sun, yet give me leave to say,
You

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You never made any so extraordinary as this before: You have subdued, without the Conqueror's common Vanity, of making your self known, and have gained the most absolute Victory in the World, without so much as unsheathing your Face. I, who never knew a Woman could overcome me, am now overcome by I know not who: And can both boast of the greatest Passion, and greatest Faith in Nature together: The Seeing you, which is the Reason of other People's Love, might, for aught I know, destroy mine; for I have raised Ideas of you, to which it is very difficult for any thing in Nature to arrive. I imagine you the most charming Creature in the Universe; and at the same time fancy you to be somewhat more than I imagine. I have dressed you up in all the different Shapes of Nature. In whatever you appear, it has been always the most amiable: And after having supposed you Maid, Wife, and Widow by turns, I find I can love you infinitely, be you any One of them. Did I know in which State you were, I would certainly make Love to all of it, till I arrived at you; and for want of that, I am forced to confine myself to Womankind. I leave it to your own Conscience, Madam, whether you can leave the most constant Lover in Nature, in this Condition; tho' if it feel no Remorse for the last Disappointment, I shall very hardly ever trust it more: Yet however extravagant my Passion is, do not apprehend that I should make any malicious Reflections on you to the World; let my other Virtues be

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be what they will, my Fidelity is unquestionable: And assure yourself, there is no Man breathing less apt to tell a Secret that he does not know, than,

M A D A M,

Yours, &c,



L E T T E R X.

To a Friend.

S I R,

FOR Friend I can hardly call you, since under that Disguise you have done me one of the greatest Injuries in the World; and it is vain for me to guard my Territories against the malicious Designs of Enemies and Rivals; when you, whom I never took for either, have more prejudiced me in an Amour, than they could with all their Forces together. But that I may not condemn you without a Cause, nor conclude you guilty till I hear what you can say in your own Justification, I will give you a plain Account of the Business. Meeting one of the Ladies last Night, with whom I am in Love, she began a Discourse of Lovers, wherein she shewed the many Inconveniencies that attend the having a Man of Wit in that Capacity. I, who do naturally love to dispute with a fair Lady (especially in a Cause where I thought my self no more concerned than if she

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She had talked of *Jews* or *Mabometans*) agreed with her in all she said; when she turned briskly upon me, and told me, For that Reason a Woman must have a care of having any thing to do with me. I told her that was acting after the manner of some late Judges; *Call a thing Treason without Law, and then Hang a Man for it without Proof.** That I appealed to all the World for my Innocence in the Matter, and defied my greatest Enemies to bring any Evidence of my Guilt. She told me she had it from *such a one*, who had it from *another*; and that, in fine, the original Author of this Calumny was *your self*. Now tho I grant you that some People might have said such a thing as this, out of Inadvertency; yet I can hardly believe a Man of your Prudence to have done it upon that Account. You, who very well know, That to commend a Man for a Wit to the Women, is like commending him for a good Protestant to the Fathers of the Inquisition; and he that reported me an Eunuch among them, could not do it upon a more malicious Account. They love a tame, easy, governable Fool, and fancy all Wits ill-natur'd and proud: Have not you often told me so? And after that to put me upon them for one! Well, Sir, I am a Gentleman, nor shall I pass by such a thing as this, without Satisfaction. I expect therefore you should either give it under your Hand, That you never said any such thing of me; or if you really
said

* This just Remark alludes to the Severities used in *Montb's* Rebellion.

said it, That you should go immediately to the Person to whom you did it; and assure them you were misinformed in the thing, and that to your Knowledge, *Ireland* it self never bred a more tame, easy, Fool than I am: For here lies the greatest Danger; I have gotten a Rival of that Country, and you know how difficult it is to succeed in a Contest with one of them, when want of Wit to give is the Preference. After all, methinks if you would be hearty in the thing, you may bring me out of these Difficulties: I know you have Wit enough to convince them that I have none; and if the worst come to the worst, it is but carrying you to them, to shew the Difference. In that hopes, I resume the Title of

Yours, &c.



L E T T E R X I.

To a Lady, in the Country, who was going to be Married.

AFTER having written you a Letter upon your first going down, I have never dared to venture one since, lest I should be mistaken in my Address; and for aught I know, to write to you now by the Title of Mrs. * * * *, may be as uncivil as to treat the King with the Title of Prince of *Orange*. However, Madam, blame not me for it, since
we

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we are here in perfect Ignorance of the Matter; We had very positive News one while of your being Married; and as positive after, that it was not yet done; which some here took, I can assure you, for a great Act of Mercy. Half a Dozen Sparks of your Acquaintance have provided themselves either with Love-Songs, or Epithalamiums, to send you, as occasion shall require, without being yet able to know which would be most proper: And here are Half a Dozen more, who have had Halters about their Necks, ever since the Report of your going to be Married; for they are resolved to be ready upon the first Notice, That the same Post which brings the News of your Wedding, may carry back that of their Deaths. It is true, Madam, I took the Boldness to advise them not to be over-hasty in the Affair, since they might do it afterwards at their own Convenience; and Experiments of this Nature were difficult enough to correct, when they were once ill done. But all I could say, was in vain; they are positive in the Matter, and half a Dozen of the handsomest Trees in the Park are marked out for the Execution. I must confess, I endeavoured to divert them as much as I could from chusing that Place, for the Benefit of the Company who Walk there; I told them it was contrary to all Precedent, to make use of Elms, or Lime-Trees, since the Willow had, Time out of Mind, been reserved for that use; and that a Lover who did not hang himself according to Form, had as good never hang himself at all. They answered me very
furlily,

furhly, (tho very truly too I must own) That it was not my Business: That it was a very hard Case People might not hang themselves without asking my Leave; and as they would not hinder Me whenever I was going about such a thing, so they took it very ill that I should pretend to hinder Them. I must confess, Madam, I could say very little in the Case; and you may believe I had no great Mind to enter upon a Quarrel with People in their Circumstances; but I thought the acquainting you with it, was a Duty that became

Yours, &c.



L E T T E R X I I .

To a Lady who asked him for his Heart.

TH O to tell a Man that you will dispose of his Heart to one who shall use it ill, is but a very small Encouragement for him to part with it; yet since you say you have a particular Fancy for mine, I cannot refuse you such a Trifle as that, upon whatever Terms you demand it. I have inclosed it therefore in this Letter, and trusted it to the Penny-Post, lest your Generosity should have made you give a Messenger more for the bringing it, than the thing it self is really worth. I wish, Madam, it were better for your sake; and can assure

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assure you, That were it the most modish one in the World, it should be at your Service. As it is, Madam, I am afraid you will think it very old-fashion'd, and too much given to those antiquated Qualities, Constancy and Fidelity. It is probable the Lady for whom you intend it, may despise those Things, and think a Heart of that sort as ridiculous as a Lover in a short Cloak, slash Sleeves, pinck'd Doublet, and trunk Hose. But let her not be prejudic'd against things for their first Appearances; I have seen a very awkward Beginner, come to dance very well at last; and it is not impossible but by good Management the Heart may be brought quite off those disagreeable Qualities. You may please to tell her, That it having been bred up very tenderly till now, it would be convenient to treat it a little kinder than ordinary at first, lest it should be apt to run away: She should encourage his Sighs now and then with a kind of Whisper; and when she sees the Fire grow a little faint, let her give but one or two kind Looks, and it will blaze out afresh. Having been troubled with an extraordinary Fever, since it was in the Presence of a certain Lady, it ought not to be expos'd to the open Air, for fear of catching Cold; she may conveniently enough confine it to her Bed-Chamber, where it may be of great Use rightly manag'd, and wake her in a Morning with half a Dozen deep-fetch'd Sighs, better than any Larum-Clock. You see, Madam, what Confidence I have in your Conduct, since I trust you to dispose of a
Heart

Heart for me, that I have never been able to dispose of my self. You will think, perhaps, it is but making a Virtue of Necessity, and surrendering up a Fort which I am not able to hold out against You. However, Madam, the fiercest Conquerors are kind to Garrisons that yield upon the first Summons; and as I know your Power to be greater than any of theirs; so I doubt not but your Virtues are answerable to them. All the Favour I shall beg for my Heart, is, That it may be treated as a Prisoner of War; and that I may have the Liberty of keeping a Correspondence with it, during its Confinement. To show you I intend nothing but what is fair, I am satisfied you should read all the Letters I write; and that none should come to me, but by your Approbation. And indeed you need not fear this, making any Escape; for if I can guess at all at his Humour, he will prefer such a Captivity to all the Liberty in the World; and will not be so proud of the Titles of Prince, or Conqueror, as that of your Prisoner and Slave.



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LETTER XIII.

To the same.

*If streaming Blood my fatal Letter stain,
Imagine, ere you read, the Writer slain;
One Hand the Sword, and One the Pen employs,
And in my Lap the ready Paper lies.* Ovid's Epist.

I Have been these six Hours in debate, Whether I should stab my self, or write to you first: At last, Madam, I have determined on the latter: For I consider, that if you should hear a Fellow mounted upon a Cricker, singing some doleful Ballad of my Death, you would be at a loss to know the Cause of so sad an Accident; and, in an Age so inquisitive as ours, would take it much better to have a Relation of the thing from the first Hand, than to be put to the Trouble of stopping to enquire of it in the Street, or trusting it to the Fidelity of a Grub-street Historian. The Business then, in short, Madam, is this: Coming home about Twelve a Clock at Night, I found a Letter, to tell me: That I should meet you in ***** at Five a Clock in the Afternoon. Now, Madam, I am really so sensible of my Guilt of disappointing you in this Manner, that after having arraigned, judged, and condemned my self for it, I am just now upon the point of Execution; I must confess, some People have advised me to the contrary,

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contrary, and tell me you cannot take it ill that I did not meet you, when you know how late it was before I received the Letter. But I told them, That after having written to you, I ought never to have stirred from home, but staid in Expectation of an Answer. For though it was urged in my Defence, that I had some great Business which called me out; and that I had little hopes you should have granted me the Honour of meeting you so soon; yet this Excuse does not satisfy me in the least: For why a Devil should a Man pretend to make Love, when he has great Business, and little Hope? This Consideration has absolutely determined me for a sudden Execution; and whatever you may think upon the first sight of this Letter, yet before you can have read it out, you may assure your self I shall be no more

Yours, &c.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I have a thing just now come into my Head, that may possibly make me defer my Execution, till I hear farther from you. Different People having different Tastes; and there being as many Ways of killing Lovers, as there are of dressing Eggs, it would anger me very much if I should stab my self for your sake, when you would rather have me hanged or drowned.

L E T T E R XIV.

To the same.

IT is well, Madam, you prepared me for a Disappointment in your Letter; otherwise, I confess, I am very impatient under those Circumstances. I hope it was not in Revenge for my missing the other Affignation; if it be, I reckon we are upon the square now. You will certainly grant, you have all the Reason in the World to make me amends for this; and it is with a great deal of Impatience I expect a more favourable Opportunity. In Recompence, you shall dispose of me, in whatever manner you please; and I am sure you must allow, That if I am not the most passionate Lover in the World, I am at least the most convenient: For whenever you have a mind to give Sir* * *, or Mr.* * * Opportunities of saying soft Things, you shall see that I will manage the other Party to your Advantage, as naturally as can be. Then, Madam, if after this, you have any Occasion to make them jealous again, there is no Man in the World fitter for such an Employment than my self. You may make use of me, Madam, in any of these Capacities, (but still make use of me) and you will not only oblige your self, but

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R X V.

To the same.

CERTAINLY the Lady who accused me of Indifference last Night, has the least Reason in the World to do so. Is it Indifference to be always following her up and down? Is it Indifference to shun all Company for hers? Is it Indifference to gaze upon her with all the Tenderness in Nature? These are but the outward Signs; but, O! could she look within, and accuse of Indifference a Heart that burns with the most violent Passion that ever was! It is true, Madam, the rest of the World may, with Justice enough, tax me with it: For as there is but one Person living, who can make me otherwise; Prudence obliges me to manage Things so, as to disguise my Passion from all the World beside. And is there no Return due to this, but a Resolution to deceive me? Well, Madam; it is some Comfort to me, however, That if you can but for one half Hour delude me into an Opinion that I am beloved by You, that short Cheat will be a greater Satisfaction, than all Womankind can grant me beside.



LETTER XVI.

To the same.

I See I am destined to Destruction! Why, O Heaven! did I ever see her? Or since I did, why did any Body else? Had I never, I could never have been happy; and by having seen you, I am the most miserable Wretch breathing. These will appear Mysteries, perhaps, to you; and if you think me distracted when I write this, you will think right: Love, Rage, Jealousy, and Despair, are tearing my Soul in Pieces. If you have any Compassion for a Man whom you have rendered the most miserable in the World, give me an Opportunity of meeting you to Day, though it be but for one half Hour. I would not have you come to the Walks* after this Rain, for fear you should catch cold; and a meeting at Shops or India-Houses, may make People suspicious. Though I die if I see you not, yet I would rather do so, than bring your Health or Reputation in any Danger. Think, O! think upon some Way of satisfying my Request, and do not apprehend that this Distraction which I shew you, should appear to any body else, to your Prejudice. I wish every one was as careful of you as I am; yet I lie, I do not wish it; for to be so, they must love you at the same Rate; and I had rather allow them all the Favours you can grant, than That. Adieu—I am — alas, I know not what I am, but that — I am miserable, and that — I am

*Yours,** i.e. *Gray's-Inn Walks.*

L E T T E R I X V I I .

To the same.

I Think I have taken all the Ways imaginable to convince you that I love you above the World; however, Madam, you shall see I will do more, which is, never to see you again. It is true, Mrs.*** told me, I might come to you to Day; but she told me at the same Time, That you thought it improper for me to come so often. Had you any Kindness for me, you could not have refused my Visits upon so cold a Reason as their being improper; and if you have not, you cannot be pleased that I make them at all. You shall see therefore, Madam, how much I value your Quiet above my own, since I engage my Word to you (and I am sure, Madam, neither you nor any Woman in the World, can say I have ever broken my Word with them) that I will never make you another Visit, or come into any Place where you are, except you give me very good Assurance that my Company will be more acceptable to you, than I have Reason to believe it has been of late.



L E T T E R XVIII.

To the same.

THAT this Parting has not been sought of my Side, Heaven can be my Witness; and how little Satisfaction I take in it, every Vein in my Heart can testify. No; I tremble, I am all Confusion, and I die when I think upon it; and it is only in Compliance to you, that I have resolved it. I see you are picking little Occasions of quarrelling with me; I see you are uneasy when I am with you, and I see you do not make a Return that is suitable to a Passion so violent and so sincere as mine is. Heavens! Madam, what would you have me do! Should I come to put you out of Humour? Or would you have me appear as a Spectacle of your Rigour to your more-favoured Servants? No, Madam, I have too much Tenderness for you, to give you any Disturbance; and give me leave to say, I have not so mean a Spirit, as to follow any Woman, when I have Reason to believe she thinks me troublesome, how difficult soever it may be to quit her.

Since you command it, I shall not fail of waiting upon once more, before we part for ever.



LETTER XIX.

To a Friend.

Written from the Country.

THE Dialogues of *Plato*, with your last Letter, have quite turned my Head. What Delicacy of Invention! What Sublimity of Thought! I talk no more of Women of Gallantry; I think of nothing but Philosophy and Seraphic-Love. O! Vanity of Pomp, of Glory, of Trifles, falsely called Pleasures! They appear beautiful to the Sight, but once tasted, they leave nothing but Shame, Sorrow, and Repentance. Let us give others leave to play the Fool, while we enjoy the Sweetness of Philosophy. O charming Quiet! O dear Repose! O Life truly celestial! Mounted upon the lofty Tops of Philosophy, we regard at our Ease the Vanity, the Folly, the Madness of the World: The greatest Cities appear nothing but great Herds of Madmen; so many Men, so many Follies.

*Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.
Sed nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serena;
Dispicere, unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque vias palantes quærere vitæ.* *

* *LUCRATIUS,*

The

The Soul of Man, according to *Plato*, has two Wings; the one Celestial, with which she flies up to the Empyrean Heaven, the other Terrestrial, which pulls her down to the Earth again. It is the first of these that raises you to those lofty Divine Paths, reached by none but the greatest Wits, the noblest Souls; the other brings Men down to the things of this World; to Vanity, to Sin, to Marriage! Poor Husbands! you have truly observed how soon Beauty flies away; but, alas! Love flies away much sooner: Uncomplaisant Companion that he is, who, tho he comes with Beauty, will not stay with it. Great Politicians without doubt these Husbands! who suffer an eternal Slavery for a Thing of so little Duration. But what signifies that to us? Let us leave them in Peace (if there be any such thing as Peace in Marriage) and love me as I love you.



LETTER XX.

To the same, written from London.

IT is so long since I wrote to you, that I am almost ashamed of doing it now: But, to say the Truth, I have too just an Excuse for my Neglect, being relapsed into a former Malady, and notwithstanding all the Assistance of Philosophy, fallen in Love ten times more

than

than ever. I am ashamed to tell you how long I have been so; but I am ten times more ashamed to tell you, I do not yet find the least decay in my Passion, tho I have reason enough to believe the Lady did not care if she saw me hanging up at her Gate. Well; we may put as good a Face upon the Matter as we will; but first or last I see Constancy comes upon us all. In the Humour I am at present, I had a good Mind to forswear ever being in Love again. And yet upon better Thoughts, I think I had as good try it once more: For of Three Amours I have had in my Life-time, (as for Amourettes, those are not worth mentioning) I valued the One Mistress after I left loving her; I loved Another, after I left valuing her; I love and value the Third, after having lost all Hopes of her: So that, methinks, according to the Course of my Passions, I ought to love and value the next, after having obtained her. However, from this time forward, upon what Follies soever you fall, be pleased for my sake to spare those of Love; being very well satisfied, there is not one Folly of that kind (except Marriage) which I have not already committed. I have been, without Raillery, in Love with the Beauty of a Woman whom I have never seen; with the Wit of one whom I have never heard speak, nor seen any thing that she has written; and with the Heroic-Virtues of a Woman, without knowing any one Action of her Life, that could make me think she had any. Considering how very com-

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common these Qualities are, I suppose you will not ask me if I have ever been mistaken. I know not what you think in the Country; but, for my Part, I am of Opinion a Man must resolve to abandon Women or Philosophy entirely, for they will never agree well together. After an Absence of five or six Months from Town, I find the Ladies still the same; that is to say, still various. Those who were in Love when I went from Hence, are in Love still; but they are in Love with other Men. They are constant to Love, but inconstant to the Lovers: And in this Point, to speak the Truth among Friends, I think Here is no great Difference between the two Sexes. The Men complain of the Women's Inconstancy, and the Women of the Men's; for my Part, being unwilling to disoblige either, I am very apt to agree with Both. But *Cupid* will have it so; and what can weak Mortals do against so potent a God? Adieu; live pleasantly, that is, philosophically; and guard your Heart from the Pains of Love.



P O E M S
O N

Several Occasions.

E L E G I E S.

The unrewarded LOVER.

LET the dull Merchant curse his angry Fate,
And from the Wind and Waves his Fortune wait:
Let the loud Lawyer break his Brains, and be
A Slave to wrangling Coxcombs for a Fee:
Let the rough Soldier fight his Prince's Foes,
And for a Livelihood his Life expose:
I Wage no war, I plead no Cause but *Love's*,
I fear no Storms, but what *CELINDA* moves.
And what grave Censor can my Choice despise?
But here, fair Charmer, here the Difference lies &

The

The *Merchant*, after all his Hazards past,
 Enjoys the Fruit of his long Toils at last.
 The *Soldier* high in his King's Favour stands,
 And after having long obey'd, Commands.
 The *Lawyer*, to reward his tedious Care,
 Rears on the Bench, that babled at the Bar.
 While I take Pains to meet a Fate more hard,
 And reap no Fruit, no Favour, no Reward.

The POWER of VERSE.

To his MISTRESS.

While those bright Eyes subdue where-e'er you will,
 And, as you please, can either save, or kill;
 What Youth so bold the Conquest to design?
 What Wealth so great to purchase Hearts like thine?
 None but the Muse that Privilege can claim,
 And what you give in Love, return in Fame.
 Riches and Titles with your Life must end;
 Nay, cannot ey'n in Life your Fame defend
 Verse can give Fame, can fading Beauties save,
 And, after Death, redeem them from the Grave;
 Embalm'd in Verse, thro distant Times they come,
 Preserv'd, like Bees, within an Amber Tomb.

Poets

Poets, (like Monarchs, on an Eastern Throne,
 Restrain'd by nothing but their Will alone)
 Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
 And, as they please, give Infamy or Fame.
 In vain the * *Tyrian* Queen resigns her Life,
 For the bright Glory of a spotless Wife.
 If lying Bards may false Amours rehearse,
 And blast her Name with Arbitrary Verse,
 While † One, who all the Absence of her Lord,
 Had her wide Courts with pressing Lovers stor'd;
 Yet by a Poet grac'd, in deathless Rimes,
 Stands a chaste Pattern to succeeding Times.
 With Pity then the Muses Friends survey,
 Nor think your Favours there, are thrown away,
 Wisely like Seed on fruitful Soil they're thrown,
 To bring large Crops of Glory and Renown.
 For, as the Sun that in the Marshes breeds
 Nothing but nauseous and unwholesome Weeds,
 With the same Rays on rich and pregnant Earth,
 To pleasant Flow'rs, and useful Fruits gives Birth:
 So Favours cast on Fools, get only Shame,
 On Poets shed, produce eternal Fame:
 Their gen'rous Breasts warm with a genial Fire,
 And more than all the Muses can Inspire.

* DIDO.

† PENELOPE.

To his MISTRESS.

CELIA, your Tricks will now no longer pass,
 And I'm no more the Fool that once I was.
 I know my happier Rival does obtain
 All the vast Bliss for which I sigh in vain.
 Him, him you love; to me you use your Art;
 I had your Looks, another had your Heart.
 To me you're sick, to me of Spies afraid:
 He finds your Sicknefs gone, your Spies betray'd.
 I sigh beneath your Window all the Night;
 He in your Arms possesses the Delight.
 I know you treat me thus, false Fair, I do;
 And, O! what plagues me worse, he knows it too:
 To him my Sighs are told, my Letters shown;
 And all my Pains are his Diversion grown.
 Yet since you could such horrid Treasons act,
 I'm pleas'd you chuse out him to do the Fact:
 His Vanity does for my Wrongs atone;
 And 'tis by that I have your Falshood known.
 What shall I do? for treated at this rate,
 I must not love; and yet I cannot hate.
 I hate the Actions, but I love the Face;
 O! were thy Virtue more, or Beauty less;
 I'm all Confusion, and my Soul's on Fire,
 Torn by contending Reason and Desire:

This

This bids me love, that bids me Love give o'er;
One counfels best, the other pleases more.
I know I ought to hate you for your Fault;
But, O! I cannot do the thing I ought.
Canst thou, mean Wretch! canst thou contented prove,
With the cold Relicks of a Rival's Love?
Why did I see that Face to charin my Breast?
Or having seen, why did I know the rest?
Gods! if I have obey'd your just Commands,
If I've deserv'd some Favour from your Hands,
Make me that tame, that easy Fool again,
And rid me of my Knowledge, and my Pain.
And you, false Fair! for whom so oft I've griev'd,
Pity a Wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
Forswear yourself for one who dies for you,
Vow not a Word of the whole Charge was true;
But Scandals all, and Forgeries devis'd
By a vain Wretch, neglected and despis'd.
I too will help to forward the Deceit,
And, to my Power, contribute to the Cheat.
And thou, bold Man, who think'st to Rival me,
For thy Presumption I could pardon thee;
I could forgive thy lying in her Arms,
I could forgive thy rifling all her Charms;
But, O! I never can forgive the Tongue,
That boasts her Favours, and proclaims my Wrong.

ELEGIA

Upon the same Occasion.

WHAT Fury does disturb my Rest?
What Hell is this within my Breast?

Now I abhor, and now I love;
And each an equal Torment prove.
I see CELINDA'S Cruelty,
I see she loves all Men but me;
I see her Falshood, see her Pride,
I see ten thousand Faults beside;
I see she sticks at nought that's ill;
Yet, O ye Powers! I love her still.
Others on Precipices run,
Which, blind with Love, they cannot shun.
I see my Danger, see my Ruin,
Yet seek, yet count my own undoing:
And each new Reason I explore
To hate her, makes me love her more.

The PETITION.

An Imitation of CATULLUS.

IS there a pious Pleasure, that proceeds
From Contemplation of our virtuous Deeds?
That all mean, fordid Actions we despise,
And scorn to gain a Throne by Cheats and Lies?

Thyrsis,

E L E G I E S.

Thyrsis, thou sure hast Blessings laid in Store,
 From thy just dealing in this curst Amour.
 What Honour can in Words or Deeds be shown,
 Which to the Fair thou hast not said and done?
 On her false Heart they all are thrown away;
 She only swears, more easily to betray.
 Ye Powers! that know the many Vows she broke,
 Free my Just Soul from this unequal Yoke!
 My Love boils up, and, like a raging Flood,
 Runs thro my Veins, and taints my vital Blood.
 I do not vainly beg she may grow chaste,
 Or with an equal Passion burn at last;
 The one she cannot practise, tho' she would,
 And I condemn the other, tho' she should,
 Nor ask I Vengeance on the perjur'd Jilt;
 'Tis Punishment enough to have her Guilt.
 I beg but Balm for my bleeding Breast,
 Cure for my Wounds, and from my labours Rest.

Upon quitting his MISTRESS.

I Know, CELINDA, I have borne too long,
 And by forgiving, have increas'd my Wrong;
 Yet if there be a Power in Verse to slack
 Thy Course in Vice, or bring fled Virtue back,

I'll undertake the Task; howe'er so hard,
A gen'rous Action is its own Reward.
O! were thy Virtues equal to thy Charms,
I'd fly from Crowns to live within those Arms:
But who, O! who, can e'er believe thee just,
When such known Falshoods have destroy'd all Trust?

Farewell, false Fair! nor shall I longer stay;
Since we must part, why should we thus delay?
Your Love alone, was what my Soul could prize,
And missing that, can all the rest despise.
Yet should I not repent my Follies past,
Could you take up, and grow reserv'd at last;
'Twould please me, parted from your fatal Charms,
To see you happy in another's Arms.
Whatever Threat'nings Fury might extort,
O! fear not I should ever do you hurt;
For tho my former Passion is remov'd,
I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
Adieu! while thus I waste my Time in vain,
Sure there are Maids I might intirely gain:
I'll search for such, and to the first that's true,
Refign the Heart so hardly freed from you.



EPIGRAMS.

Written in a LADY'S Table-Book.

WITH what strange Raptures would my Soul be Blest,
Were but her *Book* an Emblem of her *Breast*?
As I from That all former *Marks* efface,
And, uncontroll'd, put *new ones* in their Place;
So might I chace all others from her Heart,
And my own *Image* in the stead impart.
But, ah! how short the *Bliss* would prove, if he,
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me,

L R C E.

GO, said Old *Lyce*, senseless Lover, go,
And with soft Verses court the Fair; but know,
With all thy Verses thou canst get no more
Than Fools without one Verse have had before.
Moved at this, upon the Bawd I flew;
But that which most enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

To his false MISTRESS.

THOU saidst that I alone thy Heart could move,
 And that for me thou wouldst abandon *Yours*.
 I lov'd thee then, not with a Love defil'd,
 But as a Father loves his only Child.
 I know thee now, and tho' I fiercelier burn,
 Thou art become the Object of my Scorn.
 See what thy *Falshood* gets; I must confess
 I love thee *more*, but I esteem thee *less*.

LOVE and JEALOUSY.

HOW much are they deceiv'd, who vainly strive,
 By jealous Fears, to keep our Flames alive?
 Love's like a Torch, which, if secur'd from Blasts,
 Will faintlier burn; but then it longer lasts.
 Expos'd to Storms of Jealousy and Doubt,
 The Blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

CLOE.

CLOE new-married looks on Men no more;
 Why then 'tis plain for What she look'd before.

COR.

CORNUS.

CORNUS proclaims aloud, his Wife's a Whore;
 Alas, good CORNUS, what can we do more?
 Wert thou no Cuckold, we might make thee one;
 But being one, we cannot make thee none.

THRASO.

Thraso picks Quarrels when he's drunk at Night;
 When sober in the Morning, dares not fight.
 Thraso, to shun those Ills that may ensue,
 Drink not at Night, or drink at Morning too.

GRIPE and SHIFTER.

RICH Gripe does all his Thoughts and Cunning bend,
 T'increase that Wealth he wants the Soul to spend,
 Poor Shifter does his whole Contrivance set
 To spend that Wealth, he wants the Sense to get.
 How happy would appear to each his Fate,
 Had Gripe his Humour, or he Gripe's Estate,
 Kind Fate and Fortune, blend 'em if you can,
 And of Two Wretches, make One happy Man.

J E A L O U S Y.

I.

WHO could more happy, who more blest could live,
 Than they whom kind, whom am'rous Passions move?
 What Crowns, what Empires greater Joys could give,
 Than the soft Chains, the Slavery of Love?
 Were not the Bliss too often crost,
 By that unhappy, vile Distrust;
 That gnawing Doubt, that anx'ous Fear, that dang'rous Malady,
 That terrible tormenting Rage, that Madneſs *Jealousy*.

II.

In vain CELINDA boasts she has been true;
 In vain she swears she keeps untouch'd her Charms;
 Dire *Jealousy* does all my Pains renew,
 And represents her in my Rivals Arms.
 His Sighs I hear, his Looks I view,
 I see her damn'd Advances too;
 I see her smile, I see her kiss; and, O! methinks I see
 Her give up all those Joys to Him, she should reserve for Me.

III. In-

Ingrateful *fair One*, canst thou hear my Groans?
Canst thou behold these Tears that fill my Eyes?
And yet unmov'd by all my Pains, my Moans,
Into another's Arms resign my Prize?
If Merit could not gain your Love,
My Sufferings might your Pity move:
Might hinder you from adding thus, by *jealous Frenzies*,
more
New Pangs, to One whom *hopeless-Love* had plagu'd too
much before.

Think not, false Nymph, my Fury to out-storm,
I scorn your Anger, and despise your Frown :
Dress up your Rage in its most hideous Form,
It will not move my Heart when Love is flown ;
No, tho you from my Kindness fly,
My Vengeance you shall satisfy ;
The Muse that would have sung your Praise, shall now
aloud proclaim
To the malicious, spiteful World, your Infamy and Shame.

V. Ye

V.

Ye Gods! she weeps; behold that falling Show'r! I
 See how her Eyes are quite dissolv'd in Tears!

Can she in vain that precious Torrent pour?
 O! no, it bears away my Doubts and Fears.

'Twas Pity sure that made it flow;
 For the same Pity stop it now:

For ev'ry charming, heav'nly Drop, that from those Eyes
 does part,

Is paid with Streams of Blood that gush, from my
 o'erflowing Heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
 And raise my Passions up as high as e'er;

Nay, I'll believe you false, yet love you too,
 Let the least Sign of Penitence appear.

I'll frame Excuses for your Fault,
 Think you surpriz'd, or meanly caught;

Nay, in the Fury, in the Height, of that abhorr'd Embrace,
 Believe you thought, believe at least, you wish'd me in the

Place.

VII. O!

VII.

VIII.

THE

The CURE of JEALOUSY.

I.

WHAT Tortures can there be in Hell,
 Compar'd to what *fond Lovers* feel,
 When doating on some *fair One's* Charms,
 They think she yields 'em to their Rivals Arms?

II.

As *Lyons* tho' they once were tame,
 Yet if sharp Wounds their Rage inflame,
 Lift up their stormy Voices, roar,
 And tear the Keepers they obey'd before:

III.

So fares the *Lover*, when his Breast,
 By *jealous Frenzy* is possess'd,
 Forswears the *Nymph* for whom he burns;
 Yet strait to *her*, whom he forswears, returns.

IV.

But when the *Fair* resolves his Doubt,
 The *Love* comes in, the *Fear* goes out;
 The Cloud of *Jealousy's* dispell'd,
 And the bright Sun of *Innocence* reveal'd,

V.

With what strange Raptures is he blest!
 Raptures too great to be express'd.
 Tho' hard the Torment's to endure,
 Who would not have the *Sickness*, for the *Cure*? A

A S O N N E T.

D E A T H.

I.

© **W**HAT has this Bugbear Death that's worth our Care?
 After a Life in Pain^e in Sorrow past,
 After deluding Hope and dire Despair,
 Death only gives us Quiet at the last.

II.

How strangely are our Love and Hate misplac'd;
 Freedom we seek, and yet from Freedom flee;
 Courting those Tyrant-Sins that chain us fast,
 And shunning Death, that only sets us free.

III.

'Tis not a foolish Fear of future Pains,
 (Why should they fear who keep their Souls from Stains?)
 That makes me dread thy Terrors, Death, to see:
 'Tis not the Loss of Riches, or of Fame,
 Or the vain Toys the Vulgar Pleasures name;
 'Tis nothing, CELIA, but the losing thee.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The ANTIDOTE.

II

WHEN I see the bright Nymph who my Heart does
inthal,

When I view her soft Eyes, and her languishing Air,
Her Merit so Great, my own Merit so Small,
It makes me Adore, and it makes me Despair.

II.

But when I consider that she squanders on Fools
All those Treasures of Beauty with which she is stor'd;
My Fancy it damps, and my Passion it cools,
And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

III.

Thus, sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise;
I love, and I hate, but I never esteem,
The Passion grows up, when I view her bright Eyes,
Which my Rivals destroy, when I look upon them.

IV.

How wisely does Nature Things so different unite!
In such odd Compositions our Safety is found;
As the Blood of the Scorpion is a Cure for the Bite;
So her Folly makes Whole, Whom her Beauty does
Wound.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Upon a FAVOUR offered.

CELIA, too late you would repent:

The off'ring all your Store,
Is now but like a Pardon sent
To One that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,

And grant the Bliss too late;

You hinder'd me of One I lov'd,

To give me One I hate.

I thought you innocent, as fair,

When first my Court I made;

But when your Falshoods plain appear,

My Love no longer stay'd.

Your Bounty of these Favours shown,

Whose Worth your first deface;

Is melting valu'd Medals down,

And giving us the Brass.

O! since the thing we beg's a Toy,

That's priz'd by Love alone,

Why cannot Women grant the Joy,

Before our Love is gone?

E

The

The RECONCILEMENT.

BE gone, ye Sighs! be gone, ye Tears! **C**ELINDA
 Be gone, ye Jealousies and Fears. **C**
Celinda swears she never lov'd; **C**
Celinda swears none ever mov'd
 Her Heart, but I; if this be true,
 Shall I keep Company with you;
 What! tho' a senseless Rival swore,
 She said as much to him before?
 What tho' I saw him in her Bed?
 I'll trust not what I saw, but what she said.
 Curse on the Prudent and the Wise,
 Who ne'er believe such pleasing Lies:
 I grant she only does deceive;
 I grant 'tis Folly to believe;
 But by this Folly I vast Pleasures gain,
 While You with all your Wisdom live in Pain.

DIALOGUE,

Between a LOVER and his FRIEND.

Irregular VERSES.

FRIEND.

Value thy self, fond Youth, no more
 On Favours *Mulus* had before:
 He had her first, her Virgin-Flame;
 You like a bold Intruder came

To

To the cold Relicks of a Feast,
When he at first had seiz'd the best.

LOVER.

When he, dull Sot, had seiz'd the worse,
I came in at the Second Course;
'Tis Chance that first makes People love,
Judgment their riper Fancies move.
Mulus, you say, first charm'd her Eyes;
First, she lov'd Babies and Dirt-Pies;
But she grew wiser, and in time
Found out the Folly of those Toys, and Him.

FRIEND.

If Wisdom Change in Love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wond'rous Wits.
But Wisdom that now makes Her Change to You,
In time will make Her Change to Others too.

LOVER.

I grant you no Man can foresee his Doom:
But shall I grieve because an Ill may come;
Yet I'll allow her Change, when she can see

A Man deserves her more than Me,
As much as I deserve her more than He.

E 2

FRIEND.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

FRIEND

Did they with our own Eyes see our Desert,

No Woman e'er could from her Lover part.

But O! they see not with their own,

All things to them are thro' false Optics shown.

Love at the first does all your Charms increase,

When the Tube's turn'd, Hate represents them less.

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve,

For Dangers that I can't believe,

She'll ne'er cease loving me; or if she do,

'Tis ten to One I cease to Love her too.

The Fair MOURNER.

IN what sad Pomp the mournful Charmer lies!

Does she lament the Victim of her Eyes?

Or would she Hearts with soft Compassion move,

To make them take the deeper Stamp of Love?

What Youth so wise, so wary to escape,

When Rigour comes dress'd up in Pity's Shape?

Let not in vain those precious Tears be shed,

Pity the dying fair One, not the Dead;

While you unjustly of the Fates complain,

I grieve as much for You, as much in vain.

Each to relentless Judges make their Moan,

Blame not Death's Cruelty, but cease your own.

While.

While raging Passion both our Souls does wound,
 A Sov'raign Balm might sure for Both be found;
 Would you but wipe your fruitless Tears away,
 And with a just Compassion mine survey.

To his MISTRESS.

Against MARRIAGE.

I.

YES, all the World must sure agree,
 He who's secur'd of having Thee,
 Will be intirely blest;
 But 'twere in me too great a Wrong,
 To make one who has been so long
 My Queen, my Slave at last.

II.

Nor ought those Things to be confin'd,
 That were for publick Good design'd;
 Could we in foolish Pride,
 Make the Sun always with us stay,
 Twou'd burn our Corn and Grass away,
 To starve the World Beside,

III.

Let not the Thoughts of Parting fright,
 Two Souls which Passion does unite;
 For while our Love does last,
 Neither will strive to go away;
 And why the Devil should we stay,
 When once that Love is past?

To CELIA

Upon some ALTERATIONS in her FACE,

I.

AH, Celia! where are now the Charms,
 That did such wond'rous Passions move:
 Time, cruel Time, those Eyes disarms,
 And blunts the feeble Darts of Love,

II.

What Malice does the Tyrant bear
 To Womens Int'rest, and to Ours?
 Beauties in which the Public share,
 The greedy Villain first devours,

III. Who

III.

Who, without Tears, can see a Prince,

That Trains of fawning Courtiers had,
Abandon'd, left without Defence?

Nor is thy helpless Fate less sad.

IV.

Thou who so many Fools hast known,

And all the Fools would hardly do,

Should now confine thyself to One!

And He, alas! a Husband too.

V.

See the ungrateful Slaves, how fast

They from thy setting Glories run;

And in what mighty Clouds they haste,

To worship *Flavia's* rising Sun!

VI.

In vain are all the practis'd Wiles,

In vain those Eyes would Love impart;

Not all th' Advances, all the Smiles,

Can move one unrelenting Heart.

VII.

While *Flavia*, charming *Flavia* still;

By Cruelty, her Cause maintains;

And scarce vouchsafes a careless Smile

To the poor Slaves that wear her Chains.

VIII

Well, *Celia*, let them waste their Tears,
 But sure they will in time Repine,
 That thou hast not a Face like Hers,
 Or she has not a Heart like Thine.

The RETIREMENT.

ALL hail, ye Fields, where constant Peace attends!
 All hail, ye sacred, solitary Groves!
 All hail, ye Books, my true, my real Friends,
 Whose Conversation pleases, and improves!

II

Could one who study'd your sublimer Rules,
 Become so mad to search for Joys abroad?
 To run to Towns, to herd with Knaves and Fools,
 And undistinguish'd pass among the Croud?

III

One to ambitious Fancies made a Prey,
 Thinks Happiness in great Preferment lies:
 Nor fears for *that* his Country to betray,
 Curst by the Fools, and laught at by the Wife,

IV. Others

IV.

Others whom avaricious Thoughts bewitch,
 Confuse their Time, to multiply their Gains;
 And fancying Wretched, all who are not Rich,
 Neglect the End of Life to get the Means.

V.

Others the Name of Pleasure does invite,
 All their dull Time in sensual Joys they live;
 And hope to gain that solid firm Delight
 By Vice, which Innocence alone can give.

VI.

But how perplex, alas! is Human Fate,
 I whom nor Avarice, nor Pleasures move;
 Who view with Scorn the Trophies of the Great,
 Yet must my self be made a Slave to Love.

VII.

If this dire Passion never will be gone,
 If Beauty always must my Heart intral;
 O! rather let me be confin'd to One,
 Than madly thus be made a Prey to All!

VIII. One

VIII

One who has early known the Pomps of State; and who
 (For things unknown 'tis Ign'rance to condemn)
 And after having view'd the gaudy Bait, W And fancying
 Can boldly say, the Trifle I contemn. Neglect the End

IX

In her blest Arms contented could I live, Others the Name
 Contented could I die; But, O! my Mind All their
 I feed with Fancies, and my Thoughts deceive, And hope to
 With hope of things impossible to find. By Vice

X

In *Women* how should Sense and Beauty meet? But how per-
 The wisest *Men* their Youth in *Follies* spend; I whom
 The best is He who earliest finds the Cheat, Who view
 And sees his *Errors* while there's time to mend. Yet

XIV





FOUR
PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

I.

DAPHNE and DAMON.

Sicilian Muse, my humble Voice inspire
To sing of *Daphne's* Charms and *Damon's* Fire.
Long had the faithful Swain suppress'd his Grief,
And since he durst not Hope, ne'er ask'd Relief.
But at th'Arrival of the fatal Day
That took the Nymph and all his Joys away;
With dying Looks he gaz'd upon the Fair,
And what his Tongue could not, his Eyes declare:
'Till with deep Sighs, as if his Heart-strings broke,
Pressing her Hand, these tender Things he spoke:

DAMON.

Ah lovely Nymph! behold your Lover burn,
And view the Passion which you'll not return.
As no Nymph's Charms did ever equal thine;
So no Swain's Love did ever equal mine.
How happy, Fair, how happy should I be,
Might I but sacrifice my self for Thee?
Could I but please thee with my dying Verse,
And make thee shed one Tear upon my Hearse?

DAPHNE.

PASTORAL ECLOGUE
DAPHNE.

Too free an Offer of that Love you make,
Which now, alas, I have not Pow'r to take:
Your Wounds I cannot, tho' I would, relieve:
Phaon has all the Love that I can give.
Had you, among the rest, at first assail'd
My Heart, when free, you had perhaps prevail'd.
Now if you blame, O! blame not me, but Fate,
That never brought you till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the Fates brought me then, too charming Fair,
I could not hope, and now I must despair.
Rul'd by your Friends, you quit the Lover's Flame,
For Flocks, for Pastures, for an empty Name.
Yet tho' the blest Possession Fate denies,
O! let me gaze for ever on those Eyes.
So just, so true, so innocent's my Flame,
That Phaon, did he see it, could not blame.

DAPHNE,

Such gen'rous Ends I know you still pursue,
What I can do, be sure I wish for You,
If on Esteem, or Pity you can live,
Or Hopes of more, if I had more to give;
Those you may have, but cannot have my Heart:
And since we now, perhaps, for ever part,
Such noble Thoughts thro' all your Life express,
May make the Value more, the Pity less.

DA.

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.
D A M O N.

63

Can you then go? Can you for ever part
(Ye Gods! what shiv'ring Pains surround my Heart!)
And have one Thought to make your Pity less?
Ah *Daphne*, could I half my Pangs express,
You could not think, tho' hard as Rocks you were,
Your Pity ever could too great appear.
I ne'er shall be one Moment free from Pain,
'Till I behold those charming Eyes again.
When gay Diversions do your Thoughts employ,
I would not come to interrupt the Joy:
But when from them you some spare Moment find,
Think then, O think, on whom you leave behind!
Think with what Heart I shall behold the Green,
Where I so oft those charming Eyes have seen!
Think with what Grief I walk the Groves alone,
When you, the Glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, O! that little Time you have to stay,
Let me still speak, and gaze my Soul away!
But see, my Passion that small Aid denies:
Grief stops my Tongue, and Tears o'erflow my Eyes.



II.

G A L A T E A

T*Hyrsis*, the gayest one of all the Swains,
 Who fed their Flocks upon the *Arcadian* Plains;
 While Love's mad Passion quite devour'd his Heart,
 And the coy Nymph that caus'd, neglects his Smart;
 Strives in low Numbers, such as Shepherds use,
 If not to move her Breast, his own to amuse.
 You, *Cbloris*, who with Scorn refuse to see
 The mighty Wounds that you have made on me;
 Yet cannot sure with equal Pride disdain,
 To hear an humble Hind of his complain.

Now while the Flocks and Herds to Shades retire,
 While the fierce Sun sets all the World on Fire;
 Thro' burning Fields, thro' rugged Brakes I rove,
 And to the Hills and Woods declare my Love.
 How small's the Heat? how easy is the Pain
 I feel Without, to that I feel Within?

Yet scornful *Galatea* will not hear,
 But from my Songs and Pipe still turns her Ear.
 Not so the sage *Corisca*, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich *Aegon's* only Care:

From

PASTORAL ECLOGUES

63

From them my Songs a just Compassion drew,
And they shall have them; since contemn'd by You.

Why name I them, when ev'n chaste *Cynthia* stays,
And *Pan* himself, to listen to my Lays?

Pan, whose sweet Pipe has been admir'd so long,
Has not disdain'd sometimes to hear my Song.
Yet *Galatea* scorns what'er I say;
And *Galatea's* wiser sure than they.

Relentless Nymph! can nothing move your Mind?
Must you be deaf, because you are unkind?

Tho' you dislike the Subject of my Lays,
Yet sure the Sweetness of my Voice might please.

It is not thus that you dull *Mopsus* use,
His Songs divert you, tho' you mine refuse.

Yet I could tell you, fair One, if I would,
(And, since you treat me thus, methinks I should)

What the wise *Lycon* said, when in yon Plain,
He saw him Court in hope, and me in vain;

Forbear, fond Youth, to chace a heedless Fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd Verse to please her Ear;

Seek out some other Nymph, nor e'er repine,
That One who likes His Songs, should fly from Thine.

Ah, *Lycon*! Ah! your Rage false Danger forms;

'Tis not his Songs, but 'tis his Fortune Charms:

Yet

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

Yet, scornful Maid, in time you'll find those Toys
Can yield no real, no substantial Joys;
In vain his Wealth, his Titles, gain Esteem,
If for all that, You are ashamed of Him.

Ah, *Galatea*, wouldst thou turn those Eyes,
Wouldst thou but once vouchsafe to hear my Cries:
In such soft Notes I would my Pains impart,
As could not fail to move thy rocky Heart;
With such sweet Songs I would thy Fame make known,
As *Pan* himself might not disdain to own.
O! couldst thou, fair One, but contented be
To tend the Sheep, and chase the Flares with me:
To have thy Praises echo'd thro' the Groves,
And pass thy Days with One who truly Loves;
Nor let those gaudy Toys thy Heart surprize,
Which the Fools envy, and the Sage despise.

But *Galatea* scorns my humble Flame,
And neither asks my Fortune, nor my Name.
Of the best Cheese my well-stor'd Dairy's full,
And my soft Sheep produce the finest Wool;
The richest Wines of Greece my Vineyards yield,
And smiling Crops of Grain adorn my Field.

Ah,

Ah, foolish Youth! in vain thou boast'st thy Store,
 Have what thou wilt, if *Mopsus* still has more.
 See whilst thou sing'st, behold Her haughty Pride,
 With what Disdain she turns her Head aside!
 O! why would Nature, to our Ruin, place
 A Tyger's Heart, with such an Angel's Face?

Cease, Shepherd, cease, at last thy fruitless Moan;
 Nor hope to gain a Heart already gone.
 While Rocks and Caves thy tuneful Notes resound,
 See how thy Corn lyes wither'd on the Ground!
 The hungry Wolves devour thy fatten'd Lambs;
 And bleating for the Young, makes lean the Dams.
 Take, Shepherd, take thy Hook, thy Flocks pursue,
 And when one Nymph proves cruel, find a New.

III.

D A M O N.

Taken from the Eighth Eclogue of Virgil.

A Rife, O *Phosphorus*! and bring the Day,
 While I in Sighs and Tears consume away;
 Deceiv'd with flattering Hopes of *Nisa's* Love;
 And to the Gods my vain Petitions move:

Tho' they've done nothing to prevent my Death,
 I'll yet invoke them with my dying Breath.

Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Arcadia's famous for its spacious Plains,
 Its whistling Pine-Trees, and its shady Groves,
 And often hears the Swains lament their Loves.

Great *Pan* upon its Mountains feeds his Goats,
 Who first taught Reeds to warble rural Notes.

Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Mopsus weds *Nisa* ! O ! well-suited Pair !
 When He succeeds, what Lover can despair ?
 After this Match let Mares and Griffins breed ;
 And Hounds with Hares in friendly Concert feed.
 Go, *Mopsus*, go ; provide the Bridal Cake ;
 And to thy Bed the blooming Virgin take :
 In Her soft Arms Thou shalt securely rest.
 Behold, the Ev'ning comes to make Thee blest !
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

O ! *Nisa*, happy in a lovely Choice !
 While you with Scorn neglect my Pipe and Voice ;
 While you despise my humble Songs, my Herd,
 My shaggy Eye-brows, and my rugged Beard ;

While

While through the Plains disdainfully you move,
 And think no Shepherd can deserve your Love ;
Mopsus alone can the nice Virgin win,
 With charming Person, and with graceful Mien,
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

When first I saw you on those fatal Plains,
 I reach'd you Fruit, your Mother too was there ;
 Scarce had you seen the Thirteenth Spring appear ;
 Yet Beauty's Buds were opening in your Face ;
 I gaz'd, and Blushes did your Charms increase.
 'Tis Love, thought I, that's rising in her Breast,
 Alas, Your Passion, by my Own, I grieve ;
 Then upon Trust I fed the raging Pains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

O! Love! I know Thee now ; Thou ow'st Thy Birth
 To Rocks ; some craggy Mountain brought thee forth :
 Nor is it Human Blood that fills thy Veins.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Relentless Love, to bold *Medea* show'd,
 To stain her Hands in her own Children's Blood.
 Was she more cruel, or more wicked he ?
 A wicked Counsellor he was ; a cruel Mother she,
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Now let the Screech-Owls vie with warbling Swans;
 Upon hard Oaks let blushing Peaches grow,
 And from the Brambles, liquid Amber flow.
 The harmless Wolves, the rav'nous Sheep shall shun;
 And valiant Deer, at fearful Greyhounds run:
 Let the Sea rise, and overflow the Plains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Adieu, ye Flocks, no more shall I pursue!
 Adieu, ye Groves, a long, a long Adieu!
 And you, coy Nymph, who all my Vows disdain,
 Take this last Present from a dying Swain.
 Since you dislike whate'er in Life I said,
 You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
 This Leap shall put an end to all my Pains.
New cease, my Muse, now cease th' Arcadian Strains.

Thus *Damon* sung while on the Cliff he stood,
 Then headlong plung'd into the raging Flood.
 All with united Grief the Loss bemoan,
 Except the Authress of his Fate alone,
 Who hears it with an unrelenting Breast;
 Ah, cruel Nymph! forbear your Scorns at least,
 How much soe'er you may the Love despise,
 'Tis barb'rous to insult on One that dies.

IV.

The GOLDEN AGE Restored, 1703.

*An Imitation of the Fourth ECLOGUE of VIRGIL.
Supposed to have been taken from a Sybilline-Prophecy.*

——— *Paulo majora Canamus.*

SICILIAN *Muse begin a loftier Flight,
Not all in Trees and lowly Shrubs delight:
Or if your Rural Shades you still pursue,
Make your Shades fit for able Statesmens view.*

The time is come, by antient Bards foretold,
Restoring the Saturnian Age of Gold:
The Vile, Degen'rate, Whiggish Offspring ends,
A High-Church Progeny from Heaven descends.

O Learned Oxford, spare no Sacred Pains
To Nurse the glorious Breed, now thy own Bromley reigns.

And thou Great Scarfsdale, Darling of this Land,
Do'st foremost in that fam'd Commission stand;
Whose deep Remarks the list'ning World admires,
By whose auspicious Care old Ranelagh expires.
Your mighty Genius no strict Rules can bind;
You punish Men for Crimes, which you want time to find.

Senates shall now like Holy Synods be,
 And Holy Synods Senate-like agree.
Monmouth and *Mostyn* here instruct the Youth,
 There *Binokes* and *Kimberley* maintain the Sacred Truth,
Powis and *Hamlin* here with equal Claim,
 Thro' wide *West-Saxon* Realms extend their Fame;
 There *Birch* and *Hooper* Right Divine convey,
 Nor treat their Bishops in a Human way.

Now all our Factions, all our Fears shall cease,
 And Tories rule the promis'd Land in Peace.
 Malice shall die, and noxious Poisons fail,
Harley shall cease to trick, and *Seymour* cease to rail:
 The Lambs shall with the Lions walk unhurt,
 And *Halifax* and *Howe* meet civilly at Court,
 Viceroy's, like Providence, with distant Care,
 Shall govern Kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
 Pacifick Admirals, to save the Fleet,
 Shall fly from Conquest, and shall Conquest meet:
 Commanders shall be prais'd at *William's* Cost,
 And Honour be retriev'd before tis lost.
Brereton and *Burnaby* the Court shall grace,
 And *Howe* shall not disdain to share a Place,
 Forgotten *Molineux* and *Mason* now
 Revive and shine again in *Fox* and *Howe*.

But as they stronger grow and mend their Strain,
 By choice Examples of King *Charles's* Reign;
 Bold *Bellasis* and Patriot *D'Avnant* then,
 One shall employ the Sword, and one the Pen:
 Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
 The Tool of Faction shall to Peace invite,
 And Foes to Union be employ'd the Kingdoms to Unite.

Yet still some Whigs among the Peers are found,
 Like Brambles flourishing in barren Ground.
Somers maliciously employs his Care
 To make the Lords the Legislature share.
Burnet declares how *French* Dragooning rose,
 And Bishops Persecuting Bills oppose:
 Till *Rochebester's* * cool Temper shall be fir'd,
 And *North's* and *Nottingham's* strong Reasonings be admir'd.

But when due Time their Counsels shall mature,
 And fresh Removes have made the Game secure;
 When *Somerſet* and *Devonſhire* give Place
 To *Wyndham's* *Bradford*, and to *Richmond's* Grace,
 Both Converts great; when Justice is refin'd,
 And Corporations garbled to their Mind,
 Then Passive Doctrines shall with Glory rise,
 Before them hated Moderation flies,
 And Antichristian Toleration dies.

* Bishop *Sprat*.

Granville shall seize the long expected Chair,
Godolphin to some Country-Seat repair;
Pembroke from all Employments be debarr'd,
 And *Mar'borow*, for antient Crimes, receive his just Reward.

France, that this happy Change so wisely has begun,
 Shall bless the great Design, and bid it smoothly run.
 Come on, young *James's* Friends, this is the Time, come on;
 Receive just Honours, and surround the Throne,
 Boldly your Loyal Principles maintain,
Hedges now rules the State, and *Rooke* the Main,
Grimes is at Hand the Members to Reward,
 And Troops are trusted to your own *Gerbard*.
 The faithful Club assembles at the *Vine*,
 And *French* Intrigues are broach'd o'er *English* Wine,
 Freely the Senate the Design proclaims,
 Affronting *Wyndham*, and applauding *James*.
 Good antient Members with a solemn Face,
 Propose that Safety give to Order place;
 And what they dare not openly dissuade,
 Is by Expedients ineffectual made.
 E'en *Finch* and *Mulgrave*, whom the Court caress,
 Exalt its Praises, but its Power depress;
 And that Impartial Justice may be seen,
 Confirm to Friends what they refus'd the Queen,
 Bishops

Bishops who most advanc'd Good *James's* Cause
 In Church and State, now reap deserv'd Applause:
 While those who rather made the Tow'r their Choice,
 Are stil'd Unchristian by the Nation's Voice.
 Avow'dly now St. *David's* Cause they own,
 And *James's* Votes for Simony atone,
 Archbishop *Ken* shall from *Long-Leat* be drawn,
 While firm *Nonjurors* from behind stand crouding for the
 Lawn.

And thou, Great *Weymouth*, to reward thy Charge,
 Shalt Sail to *Lambeth* in his Grace's Barge.

See by base Rebels *James* the Just betray'd,
 See his Three Realms by vile Usurpers sway'd;
 Then see with Joy his lawful Heir restor'd,
 And erring Nations own their injur'd Lord.

O would kind Heaven so long my Life maintain,
 Inspiring Raptures worthy such a Reign!
 Not *Thracian-Saint-John* should with me contend,
 Nor my sweet Lays harmonious *Hammond* mend:
 Not tho' young *D'Av'nant*, *Saint John* should protect,
 Or the shrewd Doctor, *Hammond's* Lines correct.
 Nay, should *Tredenbam* in St. *Mawes* compare his Songs
 to mine;
Tredenbam, tho' St. *Mawes* were Judge, his Laurel should
 resign, Prepare,

46 PASTORAL ETCLOGUE

Prepare, Auspicious Youth, thy Friends to meet;
Sir George * already has prepar'd the Fleet.
Should Rival Neptune (who with envious Mind
In times of Danger still this Chief confin'd)
Now send the Gout, the Hero to disgrace,
Honest George Churchill may supply his Place.

HORACE, Ode III. Book III. *Imitated*, 1705.

I.

THE Man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his Principles and Trust,
Nor Hopes nor Fears can blind;
No Passions his Designs controul,
Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
Can shake his steddy Mind.

II.

Not Parties for Revenge engag'd,
Nor Threatnings of a Court inrag'd,
Nor Storms where Fleets despair:
Not Thunder pointed at his Head;
The shatter'd World may strike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

III. From

* Rooke was Admiral, 17.

III.

From this the *Grecian* Glory rose,
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes;
Of this their Poets sing.
These were the Paths their Heroes trod,
These Acts made *Hercules* a God;
And Great *Nassau* a King.

IV.

Firm on the rolling Deck He stood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking Flood,
With black'ning Storms combin'd:
Virtue, he cry'd, will force its Way;
The Wind may for a while delay,
Not alter our Design.

V.

The Men whom *Selfish Hopes* inflame,
Or *Vanity* allures to Fame,
May be to Fears betray'd:
But here a Church for Succour flies,
Insulted Law expiring lies,
And loudly calls for Aid,

VI.

Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent Zeal,
 I come, the wounded Heart to heal,
 The wounded Hand to bind:
 See Tools of Arbitrary Sway,
 And Priests, like Locusts, scout away
 Before the Western Wind.

VII.

Law shall again her Force resume;
 Religion, clear'd from Clouds of Rome,
 With brighter Rays advance.
 The British Fleet shall rule the Deep,
 The British Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,
 Strike Terror into France.

VIII.

Nor shall these Promises of Fate
 Be limited to my short Date:
 When I from Cares withdraw,
 Still shall the British Scepter stand,
 till flourish in a Female Hand,
 And to Mankind give Law.

IX.

*She shall Domestic Foes unite,
Monarchs beneath her Flags shall fight,
Whole Armies drag her Chain;
She shall lost Italy restore,
Shall make th' Imperial Eagle soar,
And give a King to Spain.*

X.

*But know, these Promises are given,
These great Rewards Impartial Heaven
Does on these Terms decree;
That strictly punishing Men's Faults,
You let their Consciences and Thoughts
Rest absolutely free.*

XI.

*Let no false Politicks confine,
In narrow Bounds, your vast Design
To make Mankind unite;
Nor think it a sufficient Cause
To punish Man by penal Laws,
For not Believing right.*

XII.

Rome, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind;
 Rome's Sons shall your Compassion find,
 Who ne'er Compassion knew.
 By nobler Actions theirs condemn:
 For what has been Reproach'd in them,
 Can ne'er be Prais'd in you.

XIII.

These Subjects suit not with the Lyre;
 Muse! To what Height dost thou aspire?
 Pretending to rehearse
 The Thoughts of Gods, and God-like Kings.
 Cease, cease to lessen lofty Things
 By mean ignoble Verse.



D E L I A
A PASTORAL ECLOGUE.*

YE, gentle Swains who pass your Days and Nights
In Love's sincere and innocent Delights!
Ye, tender Virgins, who with Pride display
Your Beauty's Splendor, and extend your Sway!
Lament with me! with me your Sorrows join!
And mingle your united Tears with mine!
DELIA, *the Queen of Love, let All deplore!*
DELIA, *the Queen of Beauty, now no more!*

Begin, my Muse! begin your mournful Strains!
Tell the sad Tale through all the Hills and Plains!
Tell it through ev'ry Lawn and ev'ry Grove!
Where Flocks can wander, or where Shepherds rove!
Bid neighb'ring Rivers tell the distant Sea,
And Winds from Pole to Pole the News convey!
DELIA, *the Queen of Love, let All deplore!*
DELIA, *the Queen of Beauty, now no more!*

* This *Elegy* laments the Beautiful Mrs. *Tempest*, who died in the Night of the Great Storm, (November 26. 1703.) a Lady for whom Mr. *Walsh* had the highest Esteem. She was also, at his Request, celebrated by Mr. *Pope*, who has consecrated his *Fourth* Pastoral to her Memory.

'Tis done, and All obey the mournful Muse!
 See, Hills, and Plains, and Winds have heard the News!
 The foaming Sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd Shoar,
 The Vallies tremble and the Mountains roar.
 See lofty Oaks from firm Foundations torn,
 And stately Tow'rs in Heaps of Ruin mourn!
 The gentle *Thames*, that rarely Passion knows,
 Swells with this Sorrow, and her Banks o'erflows:
 What Shrieks are heard? what Groans? what dying Cries?
 Ev'n Nature's self in dire Convulsions lies!
 DELIA, the Queen of Love, they All deplore!
 DELIA, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

O! why did I survive the fatal Day,
 That snatch'd the Joys of all my Life away?
 Why was not I beneath some Ruin lost?
 Sunk in the Seas, or Shipwreck'd on the Coast?
 Why did the Fates spare this devoted Head?
 Why did I live to hear that Thou wert dead?
 By Thee my Griefs were calm'd, my Torments eas'd;
 Nor knew I Pleasure but as Thou wert pleas'd.
 Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone?
 What Use have I of Life, now Thou art gone?
I have no Use, alas! but to deplore
 DELIA, the Pride of Beauty, now no more!

What

What living Nymph is blest'd with equal Grace?
All may dispute, but who can fill thy Place?
What Lover in his Mistress hopes to find
A Form so lovely, with so bright a Mind?
DORIS may boast a Face divinely Fair,
But wants thy Shape, thy Motions, and thy Air.
LUCINDA has thy Shape, but not those Eyes,
That while they did th' admiring World surprize,
Disclos'd the secret Lustre of thy Mind,
And seem'd each Lover's inmost Thoughts to find.
Others, whose Beauty yielding Swains confess,
By Indiscretion make their Conquest less,
And want thy Conduct and obliging Wit
To fix those Slaves who to their Chains submit.
As some Rich Tyrant hoards an useless Store,
That would, well plac'd, enrich a Thousand more:
So did'st thou keep a Croud of Charms retir'd
Would make a Thousand other Nymphs admit'd.
Gay, Modest, Artless, Beautiful and Young,
Slow to Resolve; in Resolution Strong;
To All obliging; yet reserv'd to All;
None could Himself the favour'd Lover call:
That which alone could make his Hopes endure,
Was, that he saw no other Swain secure,

Whither,

Whither, ah! whither are those Graces fled?

Down to the Dark, the Melancholy Shade?

Now, Shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!

DELIA is Dead, and Beauty is no more!

For Thee each tuneful Swain prepar'd his Lays,
His Fame exalting while He sung Thy Praise.

THYRSIS, in gay and easy Measures, strove
To charm thy Ears and tune thy Soul to Love:

MENALCAS, in his Numbers more Sublime
Extoll'd thy Virtues in Immortal Rime.

GLYCON whose Satire kept the World in Awe,
Softened his Strain, when first thy Charms he saw,
Confess'd the Goddess who new-form'd his Mind,
Proclaim'd thy Beauties and forgot Mankind.

Cease, Shepherds, cease; the Charms you sung are fled,
The Glory of our blasted Isle is Dead.

Now join your Grievs with mine! and now deplore

DELIA, The Pride of Beauty, now no more!

Behold where now she lies, depriv'd of Breath!
Charming tho' Pale, and beautiful in Death!

A Troop of weeping Virgins by her Side;

With all the Pomp of Woe and Sorrows Pride!

O, early lost! O, fitter to be led

In chearful Splendor to the Bridal-Bed!

Than

Than thus conducted to th' untimely Tomb,
A Spotless Virgin in her Beauty's Bloom!
Whatever hopes superior Merit gave,
Let me, at least, embrace Thee in the Grave;
On thy cold Lips imprint a Dying Kiss:
O that thy Coyness could refuse me This!
Such melting Tears upon thy Limbs I'll pour,
Shall thaw their Numbness, and thy Warmth restore,
Claspt to my glowing Breast, Thou may'st revive;
I'll breathe such tender Sighs shall make Thee live.
Or if severer Fates that Aid deny,
If thou can'st not Revive, yet I may Die.
In one cold Grave together may be laid,
The truest LOVER, and the Loveliest MAID.
Then shall I cease to Grieve, and not before;
Then shall I cease fair DELIA to deplore.

But see, those dreadful Objects disappear!
The Sun shines out, and all the Heav'ns are clear:
The warring Winds are hush'd, the Sea serene;
And Nature soften'd, shifts her angry scene.
What means this sudden Change? methinks I hear,
Melodious Music from the Heav'nly Sphere!
Listen, ye Shepherds, and devour the sound!
Listen, *the Saint, the Lovely Saint; is Crown'd!*

While

16 On the DEATH of Mrs. T. T. T.

While we, mistaken in our Joy and Grief,
 Bewail her Fate, who wants not our Relief:
 From the pleas'd Orbs she views us here below,
 And with kind Pity wonders at our Woe.

Ah, Charming Saint! since Thou art bless'd Above,
 Indulge Thy Lovers and forgive their Love.
 Forgive their Tears, who press'd with Grief and Care,
 Feel not Thy Joys, but feel Their Own Despair!



FINIS.

